

NEW  
SERIES

APRIL

VOL.  
42

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM  
YEAR TO YEAR."

# All the Year Round

a  
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

PART 233.

PRICE  
NINEPENCE.

1883.

LONDON  
26 WELLINGTON ST<sup>E</sup>  
STRAND.

nos.  
1010-1013

## CONTENTS OF PART 233.

No. 1010.	PAGE	No. 1012.	PAGE
"A Leal Lass." Chapters XV., XVI. May's Reprieve	313	"A Leal Lass." Chapter XVIII. Fred's Triumph...	361
All the Year Round. April .....	320	A Chat about Clothes .....	364
A Day's Otter-hunting .....	324	A Knot Out .....	367
The Courtenays .....	327	Buckingham Palace .....	373
Red Towers. Part I. Chapter XV. An Old Friend and a New Slave .....	332	Red Towers. Part I. Chapter XVII. A Letter from Celia .....	380
No. 1011.		No. 1013.	
"A Leal Lass." Chapter XVII. May's Intercession	337	"A Leal Lass." Chapter XIX. Engaged .....	385
More about an Easy Change .....	341	A Night's Lodging .....	389
Up the Seine .....	344	Helene Massalska .....	392
Prescriptions Extraordinary .....	349	An Unhappy Medium .....	397
Ostrich Farming .....	352	Tempests and Sun-Spots .....	403
Red Towers. Part I. Chapter XVI. Di and her Master	356	Red Towers. Part I. Chapter XVIII. "He is one of those who are beautiful and happy" .....	404



# LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

\* \* ASK for the **COMPANY'S EXTRACT**,  
and see that it bears **JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE**  
**IN BLUE INK** across the label.



Renders the Skin  
**SOFT, SMOOTH,**  
and **WHITE,**  
Entirely removes  
All Roughness,  
Redness, Sunburn,  
Tan, &c.,  
And preserves the Skin  
from the effects of the  
Sun, Wind, or  
Hard Water,  
more effectually than  
any other preparation.

**A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION**  
IS SOON OBTAINED BY ITS USE. It is the most perfect Emollient  
Milk for the Skin ever produced. For the Toilet and the Nursery it is  
INVALUABLE. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and  
Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,

**M. BEETHAM AND SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

## BEETHAM'S CAPILLARY HAIR FLUID

(Free from Lead, Dye, and all Poisons)

Is unequalled for Preserving, Strengthening, and  
Beautifying the Hair. It effectually arrests Falling  
off and Greyness, Strengthens when Weak or Fine,  
and wonderfully Improves the Growth. It imparts  
a Rich Gloss to Hair of all shades, and keeps it in  
any desired form during exercise.

N.B.—It is made in Three Shades, "Light,"  
"Dark," and "Extra Dark," the last-named being  
specially prepared to hide Greyness when the Hair  
has turned in patches, for which it is strongly recom-  
mended. It is not a Dye.

Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; free for 3d. extra.

## OSLERS' CHINA &

Manufactory, Birmingham.

"The Visitor to London who leaves  
without seeing the Show Rooms of  
Messrs. OSLER has missed one of the  
sights of the metropolis."—*Vide LAND  
AND WATER.*

## GLASS SERVICES.

**LAMPS—NEWEST DESIGNS WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.**

**CHANDELIERS FOR GAS & CANDLES. ELECTRICAL FITTINGS.**

**FLOWER STANDS, TABLE ORNAMENTS, BOWLS AND VASES IN GLASS AND CHINA**

**London: Show Rooms, 100, Oxford Street, W.**

■  
1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
0

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
0

and  
ing  
ne,  
rts  
in  
t,"  
ing  
air  
m-

h.

■

S.

NA

V.



# INDIA AND ENO'S FRUIT SALT.



**DILBRUGHAR, UPPER ASSAM, INDIA, March 6, 1880.**

"DEAR SIR,—I desire to state the advantage which I, and I do not doubt many others, in this part of the world, have derived from ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Unlike other Saline Aperients, it is not lowering in its action. I have used it on board ship in tropical latitudes, and both there and here I can most honestly bear witness to the fact that its use has warded off fever over and over again. When taken in time it is invaluable. As far as I am aware it is most popular in this part of NORTH-EASTERN ASIATIC INDIA, and I consider that you are distinctly entitled to this testimonial from me. I need not add it is wholly unrequested. I enclose my card, but from my extreme individual inconvenience arising from publicity I do not wish my name to appear, and merely subscribe myself, most truly yours, 'A PLANTER.'"

"SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISHNESS, HOT WEATHER."—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, and feverish colds, blood poisons, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, etc. Use ENO'S "Fruit Salt." It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle and see that the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared at ENO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, Pomeroy St., New Cross Road, London, S.E.

## HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, sugar syrups, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar syrups, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whiskey largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. When taken together, ENO'S "Fruit Salt" and ENO'S "Vegetable Moto" will be found peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; they possess the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and place the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "Fruit Salt" and ENO'S "Vegetable Moto," therefore no family should ever be without them.

### ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

TO AID NATURE without force or strain, use ENO'S "Vegetable Moto" (a simple Vegetable Extract), a desirable adjunct to ENO'S "Fruit Salt." They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done," and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, etc., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the Moto. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

ENO'S "Vegetable Moto" of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.  
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY ST., NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

## TEA OF ROBUST STRENGTH,

Ceylon, Indian, and China Growth, at 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 8d., and 2s. a Pound.

SOLD BY

## COOPER COOPER & CO.

And there is no such value sold in the United Kingdom at these Prices.

Finer TEAS of Choicest and most select qualities, 3s., 2s. 6d., and 2s. a Pound, at a Commission only on the Price paid in Eastern Markets. Samples Post Free on application.

COOPER COOPER & Co. have an arrangement with the London Parcels Delivery Company to collect the value of any parcel when delivered, if it is more convenient to customers to pay in this manner rather than remit direct.

Chief Office: 50, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.

Branches: 63, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.; 269, Regent Circus, W.; 35, Strand, W.C. (near Charing Cross); 21, Westbourne Grove, W.; 334, High Holborn, W.C.; 266, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.; 98, Shoreditch High Street, E., London. 20 & 21, East Street, Brighton.

# SINGER'S

# SEWING

# MACHINES.

PRICE  
FROM

£4 4s.

10 % Discount for Cash.

ON  
HIRE 2/6 PER WEEK

With the Option of Purchase.

**CAUTION.—TO AVOID DECEPTION, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name "SINGER" is printed upon the arm.**

THE SINGER  
MANUFACTURING CO.,  
39, FOSTER LANE,  
LONDON, E.C.,  
and 443 Branches  
throughout  
Great Britain  
and Ireland.

## DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,  
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

## FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender Babe)

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. (grant savings), with full Directions.

Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post free on application by letter or post card. Direct to Alfred Fennings, West Cowes, I.W.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.

## FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 6d. (15 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes. Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

## THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

The Longford Wire Mattress and Bedstead combined.

WOODS' PATENT.

Liverpool Exhibition, the highest awards, Two Gold Medals.

See our grand stock of Bedsteads

Catalogues free on application.

To be seen carrying ONE TON, without injury, at our Show Rooms, 19, LONDON RD., LIVERPOOL; 51, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON; AND 63, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

All inquiries to the SOLE MAKERS.

THE LONGFORD WIRE CO., Limited, WARRINGTON.



Can be attached to old Bedsteads.

Guaranteed neither to rust nor stretch, if they do within five years, we will replace with new ones.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by Proprietors,

Lincoln & Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

A CURE FOR ALL!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

HIS FAMOUS FAMILY MEDICINE is unequalled in the Cure of all DISORDERS of the LIVER, STOMACH, and BOWELS. A GREAT PURIFIER of the BLOOD. A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR of the System, if suffering from WEAKNESS and DEBILITY, and is unrivalled in complaints incidental to Females.

5 GOLD MEDALS

**BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**

FOR CAKES. PASTRY PUDDINGS AND WHOLESOME BREAD

## PEPPER'S

2s. 6d. Bottles. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GREAT BODILY STRENGTH!  
GREAT NERVE STRENGTH!  
GREAT MENTAL STRENGTH!  
GREAT DIGESTIVE STRENGTH!

QUININE AND IRON

**TONIC**

Promotes Appetite, Cures Dyspepsia, Hysteria, Nervous Complaints, General Debility.

## SULPHOLINE

Bottles Sold Everywhere. **LOTION**

THE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

Eruptions, Blotches, Eczema, Acne, Disfigurements. Makes the Skin Clear, Smooth, Supple, Healthy.

## GOWLAND'S LOTION,

A botanical preparation of unfailing efficacy in Purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Freckles, Tan, Scorbatic Dryness, and Discolorations. It allays heat and irritability of the skin, and produces a

### HEALTHY PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION ;

and by its balsamic qualities making the skin soft and clear, restoring and retaining a charming juvenile elasticity to the skin, and producing a bloom and transparency to the complexion that no other known preparation has accomplished, and is recommended in preference to any other by the Medical Profession. ESTABLISHED 120 YEARS.

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

### POST FREE.

- 6d. "Before I Began to Speak." By a BABY.
- 6d. "Heart or Brain."
- 6d. "How to Become Witty."
- 1d. "How to Choose a Member for Parliament."

Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitefriars St.

### VIDE REVIEWS.

POST FREE, 1s., Cloth, 2s. "The Beauties of Festus," Selections from P. J. BAILEY'S celebrated Poem.

Longmans & Co., London.

POST FREE, 2s., Boards ; Cloth, 3s. 6d. "The World of Thought." A Novel.

Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London.

POST FREE, 4d. "How to Form the Habit of Paying Attention."

T. J. Allman & Son, 67, New Oxford St., W.

## KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

Nearly all children suffer from Worms: if this cause of ill-health is suspected do not wait, you can with ease cure the child: this remedy is sure to cure, safe to use (has no effect except on Worms), easy to take (it is like a sweetmeat). Sold by all Chemists. Tins, 13½d. each. Post free, 15 stamps, from

Keating, Chemist, St. Paul's, London.

## NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

### PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED

**GALVANIC BELTS** for the cure of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND DEBILITY have received testimonials from three Physicians to Her Majesty the Queen, and over Forty Members of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The distressing symptoms of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY are speedily removed by means of PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED GALVANIC BELTS, which are so arranged as to convey a powerful electric current direct to the affected parts, gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of waste and decay.

Dr. VINES, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, writes, 10th September, 1885:—"Having used Mr. PULVERMACHER'S BELTS for many years, in the course of medical practice, I am in a position to speak of their great value as a curative agent in cases of nervous disease or functional malady where Electricity is likely to be serviceable. I am entirely convinced of their efficacy."

Dr. C. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.C.P., F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, says:—"I am satisfied that Mr. PULVERMACHER is an honest and earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and scientific men."

Dr. GOLDING BIRD, M.D., Physician, Guy's Hospital, says:—"I can hardly recommend Mr. PULVERMACHER'S INVENTION too strongly to the notice of my medical brethren."

For full Price List and Particulars see now Pamphlet, "GALVANISM: NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY." Post Free from

**PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,**  
194, Regent Street, London, W.

## KEATING'S POWDER

**DESTROYS** BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES

Sold in Tins 6<sup>d</sup> 1/- & 2/6

## A TURKISH BATH IN YOUR OWN ROOM. TO THE STALWART A LUXURY. TO THE INVALID A NECESSITY.

AFTER HUNTING, DRIVING, SHOOTING, FISHING, RIDING, OR ANY EXCESSIVE FATIGUE. FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, ECZEMA, AND SKIN, LIVER, AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS. SILVER MEDAL, INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884. HIGHEST AWARD, International Medical and Sanitary Exhibition, 1887. SILVER MEDAL (Highest Award), National Health Society, 1883.



Apparatus for use under Chair, with best Cloak, Tinned Iron Supports, in Box, 50s.

Apparatus for Bed, in Box, with pair of Wicker frames, 45s. The Bath combined, for Bed and Chair, 70s.

The Lancet:—"This instrument is very complete. It is portable, and can be packed in a box less than 14 inches square. It is cheap, and it acts promptly."

Sanitary Record:—"Will be found a luxury, as well as a valuable remedial resource."

SOLE INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS,

**JAMES ALLEN and SON, 22 and 23, Marylebone Lane, London, W.**

Also makers of Bronchitis Kettles, Invalids' Baths, Bed-Baths, Bed-Pans, Nursery Baths, Infants' and Invalids' Food Warmers, &c. Illustrated Catalogue post free for three stamps.



# FURNISH YOUR HOUSES

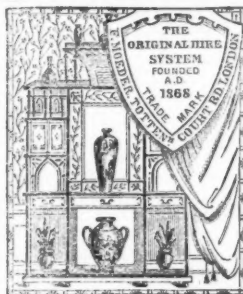
Or Apartments Throughout on  
**MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.**

The Original, Best, and  
most Liberal. Suits all.

FOUNDED A.D. 1868.

**CASH PRICES.**

*No Extra Charge for Time  
given.*



Furnish Direct  
from the Manufacturer,  
from £10 to £10,000.

Catalogues, Estimates, Press  
Opinions, Private Testimonials,  
Post Free.

**ESTABLISHED 1862.**

**ALSO FOR HIRE ONLY.**

A Six-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £50.  
An Eight-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £100.  
A Twelve-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £300.

**F. MOEDER,**

248, 249, 250, Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, 21, Morwell Street, W.

## PASSPORTS AND VISAS

OBTAINED WITH EXPEDITION BY

**W. J. ADAMS & SONS,**

(BRADSHAW'S GUIDE OFFICE)

**59, FLEET STREET, LONDON.**

And Regulation Forms for obtaining Foreign Office Passports may be had (gratis)  
on application by post or otherwise.

**BRADSHAW'S** British and Continental Guides.

**BRADSHAW'S** Handbooks to France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and  
Portugal, Normandy, Brittany, Tyrol, India, Paris, Great Britain, &c.

**BRADSHAW'S** Anglo-French, German, Italian, and Spanish Phrase-Books. 1s. each.

**CYCLISTS'** Road, Log Books, Maps, &c., &c.

Latest Editions of **MURRAY'S**, **BAEDEKER'S**, **BADDELEY'S**, **BLACK'S**, **NELSON'S**, and  
**STANFORD'S** Guides, **BALL'S** Western and Central Alps, **PACKE'S** Pyrenees,  
**BENNETT'S** Norwegian Guide and Phrase-Book.

**HARPER'S**, **APPLETON'S**, and other Handbooks for **AMERICA**, **EUROPE**, and the  
**EAST**.

**BESLEY'S** Devon Guides, Views, &c. **NELSON'S** Views, **KELLER'S**, **LEUTHOLD'S**, and  
**ZIEGLER'S** Maps of Switzerland. **MAYR'S** Map of the Tyrol. **PACKE'S** Map of  
the Central Pyrenees.

**FRITH'S** and other Photographic Views of London, mounted and unmounted, in great variety.

**COURIERS OBTAINED ON APPLICATION.**

# WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US?

**L**IKE a thief at night, it steals upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision

becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for liver complaint, others for kidney disease, &c., &c.; but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is), all of these organs partake of this disease, and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving immediate relief.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors, price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

An Almanac, containing Testimonials from persons who have received benefit from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, will be sent post free on receipt of application, by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

**WRIGHT'S** PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

**COAL TAR SOAP**

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH. INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY.

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES. LANCET

TABLETS 6d/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

REFUSE ALL OTHER TARTAR SOAPS



ABSOLUTELY  
PURE.

**Cadbury's**  
(REGISTERED.)  
**COCOA**

GUARANTEED  
SOLUBLE.

CADBURY PROS. caution the public against those cheap imitations, sold as pure Cocoa, to which about four per cent. of alkali and other agents are added, to give apparent strength to the liquor, by making it a dark colour. This addition may be detected by the scent when a tin is freshly opened.

Certain **HARNESS' Cure.**  
**ELECTROPATHIC BELT**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM**

Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of rheumatic gout. I suffered intense agony for two years. I now feel strong and active."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co. Ltd.

Only Address,  
**52, OXFORD ST.** LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone Place.)  
Call to-day, if possible, or write at once

Certain **HARNESS' Cure.**  
**ELECTROPATHIC BELT**  
FOR  
**LIVER COMPLAINT**

BARRY CLOSE, Esq., 72, Cambridge Street, Finsbury, London, S.W., writes:—"Harness' Electropathic Belt has effected such a positive cure, that I should be glad to answer any enquiries."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co. Ltd.

Only Address,  
**52, OXFORD ST.** LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone Place.)  
Call to-day, if possible, or write at once

## LUXURIANT GLOSSY HAIR

Is assured to those who discard poisonous hair restorers and dyes and cheap oils which produce eruptions on the scalp, and use



**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL**

Known for nearly 100 years as the best Preserver and Beautifier of the Hair. It contains no lead or mineral ingredients, and can now also be had in a **GOLDEN COLOUR** for fair-haired children.

Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (Family bottles, equal to 4 small.)

Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS', and avoid cheap worthless imitations under similar names.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS

No. 1010, NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## "A LEAL LASS."

By RICHARD ASHE KING.

### CHAPTER XV. MAY'S REPRIEVE.

As Gower, upon leaving the school, was in no mood to return to the Vicarage to be bored by Mrs. Beresford, he lit a soothing cigar and strolled a little way up the quiet road which led to the Dingley Moors. Stopping to meditate at the gate of a farmyard, he leaned lazily upon it, blowing cloud castles into the still air from his cigar, symbolical of his thoughts. For, on a review of all May's words and looks since he knew her, he came to the conclusion that she cared for him. At least, the only alternative—to his thinking—that she was the most heartless of coquettes, was incredible. No doubt, her curt practical rejection just now of his escort looked like coquetry; but allowance must be made for the embarrassment, which he himself had felt, and which she would be yet more likely to feel, in the consciousness of the construction that the grinning choir would put upon his attendance on her.

While thus persuading himself to think what he hoped, he perceived the farmhouse door open and the figure of a girl outlined against the light issuing therefrom. Now, like most shy people, he shed his shyness in the dark, and he was, therefore, prepared—notwithstanding his profound passion for May—for an Arcadian flirtation with the approaching Phyllis. Opening the gate gallantly at her approach, he said in an insinuating tone:

"I thought you never would come, my—"

"Mr. Gower!" cried May, in a tone of by no means enchanted surprise.

Of course she supposed that he had asked his way to the Lightowlers', and had lain in wait for her here at the gate. And then the free-and-easy flippancy and assurance of his words and tone! She was furious. Having fortunately interrupted him before he had uttered the outrageous "my dear," she had not the least suspicion that this had been on the tip of his tongue. It was quite bad enough as it was, however, as she felt—and he also. He turned hot and cold in the beat of a pulse.

"I beg your pardon—I—I thought you were—I thought you would allow me to see you home," he stammered.

"It's very good of you," she replied with a cold stateliness; "but I really do not need an escort here."

"Mrs. Beresford thought that, perhaps, as it was so late, you would like—you would permit me to accompany you."

After all, thought May, it was her mother's fussiness, and not his officiousness, that was to blame; and the offensive flippancy of his address might mean only friendliness that had lost its balance. With some people, she knew, there was no mean between formality and familiarity, and the one tumbled over headlong into the other without gradation or preparation. Besides, she was an extremely placable person, and he was her guest. Wherefore, feeling almost ashamed of her ungracious petulance, she returned to something of her former friendliness. She could never again venture to be as friendly as she had been; but she could be pleasant without being familiar, even though he could not follow the advice of Polonius: "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."

"I hoped you would hear the rehearsal out to please old Enoch," she said.

"I put in a lot of it," he answered eagerly. "I heard that girl——"

"I hope you thought a lot of it, or told Enoch so—she's his favourite."

"Yes, he told me all about her," he said lugubriously, "or I think he did; I couldn't well make out what he said, though."

"You made a very good guess, I fancy, for he just worships her."

"Yes," he replied absently; and then added with imploring earnestness, "I hope you forgive me for coming after you."

His tone, which was almost a proposal in itself, alarmed May not a little.

"You mean that I am very ungracious and unreasonable," she replied, affecting to think that he spoke ironically. "But I resent, as a reproach to the parish, having even Mary sent after me."

"But I hadn't seen you all day," he pleaded pathetically.

"I hope you were better employed," she replied hurriedly, and almost irritably. "What have you been seeing all day? You did Jeffrey's, of course."

"What!—that iron place?"

"Yes," she answered, laughing at his woeful voice. "You might be Dante just emerged from the Inferno."

"Well, it was like that, you know," he said in an injured tone.

"It is considered one of the best things to see," she answered in her father's defence, "and you can see it, besides—being all fire—while you can hardly see anything else in Leeds for smoke."

"It's a fearful hole; I thought I should never be out of it. I was longing to get back all day," he added significantly.

"I'm glad there's a lower deep than Hammersley."

"It wasn't Hammersley I wanted to get back to," he began.

As his tone left no doubt of what was coming, May dashed in desperately:

"But Leeds you wanted to get away from. Not that you loved Hammersley more, but Leeds less. Perhaps you didn't see Hunslet?"

"Hunslet? No."

"Nor go on the river! But I forgot, you're no fisherman. Still you might have liked a row on the river."

Gower, who had seen nothing but a stagnant Stygian sewer-like ditch, with water of the colour and consistence of tar, was a little bewildered.

"We didn't see the river."

"But you must have crossed it, if you went to Jeffrey's."

"Oh, that thing! I didn't know it was a river."

"Yes, that was a river, and Hunslet, if melted down, would be just like that. You should have seen Hunslet."

"I never know when you're joking," he said aggrievedly, for a joke is the most untoward of all interruptions—as May well knew—to a proposal.

"I ought to have broken it to you; I shall next time," she answered, laughing pleasantly, but speaking quickly and nervously.

"I hope you will, if it's like your sending me to Leeds to-day."

"I!"

"But it was you, wasn't it?" he asked in the expectation of her disclaiming any share in the matter, and thereby giving him another opening for a declaration. He could not help remarking her nervousness, and he inferred from it that she was warding off a proposal out of pure shyness. If she had meant to refuse him, he thought that she would not have "played him" in this nervous way. It never occurred to him that she might be anxious to spare him the mortification of a refusal by showing unmistakable danger signals.

"I asked father to take you in charge, if you mean that," she replied.

"You were tired of me!"

"If I were, I couldn't say so; could I?" she rejoined, laughing.

"But really," he persisted fatuously, "you do not know how I missed you."

It was at this critical point that Sally and four other choir girls came upon them and wished them good night, not without many significant and exasperating giggles.

The interruption caused by meeting the girls having given him some moments for reflection, he was able to say, when they had got out of earshot of them: "I missed you awfully."

This stupid repetition irritated May still more. It was like the fretful persistence of a fly that nothing will wave or warn off.

"It is very good of you to say so," she answered in the most formal and frigid tone.

"But I mean it, really. I thought I should never get through the day without you; I've got so used to you, you know; and you are so—so—there's no one like you; and I longed to see you and to say——"

"Fred's come!" cried May suddenly, not at all as a diversion, but simply because

the thought of Fred's return dwarfed to nothing this foolish declaration.

"How do you know?" gasped the disconcerted Gower.

"Because there's a cab at the door. Don't you see it against the light? Do let us hurry, Mr. Gower."

As it was not possible to make a running proposal, Gower had to postpone the performance, not without a misgiving that the postponement might be indefinite. This sudden diversion to Fred might be a ruse of coquetry or shyness, but it was scarcely the ruse of a girl in love.

Meditating ruefully on this he hurried along by her side up the drive to the Vicarage to find upon its steps—not Fred, but—Mr. Pratt.

Gower's heart sank within him as he recognised the greasy little brute, and perceived, besides, that he had been drinking. He was not, however, too tipsy to have his wits well about him.

"Here is Mr. Gower," said the Vicar, who had been summoned by the maid to deal with this suspicious stranger.

"All right. How do, Mr. Gower? See you for a moment? Business—a little matter of business," cried Pratt.

"Perhaps you'd like to see him in the study," suggested the Vicar at sight of Gower's pale and troubled face.

"Yes, thank you. I've no idea what he wants," gasped Gower in guilty confusion.

Pratt, glancing from him to May as she passed him, felt sure that here was another card, and a high one, in his hand.

"All right, guv'nor," he said. "Know what I want in no time."

But by this both the Vicar and May had hurried out of sight of the scene, to spare their guest's feelings.

"This way," Gower said in an agitated voice, while preceding Pratt into the study.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's them," Pratt replied, producing the packet of letters and slapping them with one hand while he held them with the other. "Letters of yours to my daughter—what do they mean? Do they mean honourable? Are you goin' to stan' by 'em? I say, are you goin' to stan' by 'em?"

"Stand by them?" faltered Gower.

"Stand to 'em, then—marry my daughter honourable?"

Gower stood staring stupidly and helplessly at the little bleared-eyed brute, trying to realise the frightful ill-luck of his appearance at such a moment, in such a place, with such a demand. Why, it was

his arrival that had just interrupted the proposal to May! And how far off that proposal seemed now! What a hideous chasm yawned suddenly between them!

"I—I don't know what you mean," he stammered.

"What I mean? What you mean—what them letters mean. Do you know that? Do you know they mean marriage, or a breach o' promise o' marriage?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Pratt. I meant nothing more than—than friendship. Miss Pratt had so many friends," Gower gasped confusedly and inconsequently.

"Miss Pratt has a many friends, but none on 'em 'ud dare to write like them to her," slapping the packet again with his hand—"if they didn't mean honourable. They speak for theirselves," he added, holding out the packet. "An' they'll speak to some tune, if you think to go back on 'em—they will that."

"Did Miss Pratt send you to say this?" asked Gower feebly.

"Miss Pratt's in my hands, sir—in my hands, an' in the hands of my lawyer, an' in the hands of a British jury, sir, if this is all you've got to say."

"If you've put it into a lawyer's hands, then I can only refer you to mine," Gower rejoined, as he now began to think that Pratt was threatening law to raise the price he came to extort for the letters.

He was pulling himself together, and since he was quite as cunning as Pratt in his way, it was diamond cut diamond.

"I have not put it into a lawyer's hands, Mr. Gower, sir; for why? I says, Mr. Gower is a gen'laman, I says, an' will deal reasonable an' honourable with me, I says, as gen'laman with gen'laman."

As he seemed to put aside the forlorn Pattie, and her blighted hopes and heart, Gower felt emboldened to say:

"How much do you want for them?"

But this set Pratt off in maudlin ravings about his girl and her feelings, and it was some time before Gower could bring him to the point again. At last, after a long wrangle, during which Pratt had twice got as far as the door in indignant disgust with the terms offered by Gower, it was agreed that the letters should be given up upon immediate payment of one hundred pounds. Pratt again and again protested that only the most desperate and immediate need of this sum to stave off commercial ruin would have induced him to sell for such a paltry price his daughter's feelings and damages; for her feelings were sprinkled as casually

and incongruously as poppies among corn in her father's estimate of the damages which would be awarded for them. As, then, Pratt swore it would be utter ruin to him not to have this money within two days, Gower promised to procure it forthwith from his father.

It will be seen that Pratt had stolen a march upon Fred. Concluding that Fred had volunteered to manage the matter for his friend, in part because of Gower's feeble-mindedness, and in part because Fred probably held as a hostage Pattie's letters to himself, Pratt thought it wisest to deal directly and promptly with the principal, and extort what he could before any communication was possible between the two friends. Hence his peremptory insistence on an instant settlement.

#### CHAPTER XVI. CONFIDENCES.

GOWER, confessing to the Vicar, with what seemed an engaging frankness, that the man was a dun to whom he owed money for the upholstering, painting, and papering of his rooms, explained that he would have to return home to persuade his father to settle the bill. Of course the Vicar hospitably pressed him to return to Hammersley when he had got this trouble off his mind, and when Fred would probably be at home to entertain him. Gower gratefully and eagerly accepted the invitation—with his eyes fixed on May—and, promising to return in three days at farthest, took his departure.

Meanwhile, Fred in London waited wearily and in vain for Pratt's reappearance according to appointment, till at last he could stand the suspense, and his suspicions of some foul play, no longer. He would run home, see Gower, find out if he had heard anything either of the letters or of the forgery, and take his measures accordingly. Liverpool was nearer Leeds than London, and he could take the first ship from Liverpool due to any part of the New World if any danger appeared. There was, besides, in the corners of his mind the thought that he could make to May and his mother an effective parade of his affection, which drove him to run the most terrible risk in order to see them once more, and for the last time.

Accordingly he appeared a day or two after Gower's return to the Vicarage, and was met first by May.

"Why didn't you write?" she murmured reproachfully, as she hung upon him.

"Because I didn't want to worry you," he replied in a tone which suggested that his one thought in all his troubles was she.

"All's right, now?" she whispered anxiously.

"Don't talk of it," he answered irritably.

Here Gower appeared, and to him he was profusely apologetic, intimating to him at the same time that it was in his interests he had been detained in London.

"But we'll have it out together over a pipe to-night, old fellow," he said, putting his hand affectionately on Gower's shoulder as he entered the hall. Gower, on his part, was reassuringly responsive, and Fred felt that all was safe as yet.

In the hall Mrs. Beresford met them, fluttering about Fred like a hen that had hatched out a hawk's egg. She yearned to pet and purr over him, but she dreaded a rasping repulse—not without reason. He despised his mother—as much, perhaps, for her adoration of himself as for her general fatuity; since, with such natures as Fred's, kindness, like gold, is appreciated or depreciated in proportion to its scarceness, and a giver makes himself cheap in cheapening his gifts.

"I do wish you had let us know you were coming," Mrs. Beresford said feebly, not for the first time.

"I've just told you, mother, that I didn't know myself," he retorted petulantly.

"It was only about supper, dear," replied his mother in a propitiatory tone. "I should like to have had something for your supper."

"There's something, I suppose," he growled ungraciously.

"There's only some cold beef," she said in a lamentable voice.

While he supped, however, she left him unmolested, for the poor woman was well-nigh paralysed by the alteration she now perceived in his appearance. He had certainly been ill; perhaps so ill that he had had to go to London for advice, and that in London he was unable or unwilling to write home about his condition. His illness, and his dread to let them know of it, accounted for everything, since he would shrink from giving them any anxiety he could possibly spare them. This, of Fred, who, if his little finger ached, would take care that the whole household and half the parish should know it!

Poor Mrs. Beresford having got this idea into her head, harped upon it, after her manner, all the evening, not without some countenance from Fred himself. He was

always ready to play the rôle of self-sacrifice and magnanimity, especially to his mother and May; and in this case he was anxious for them to fix on any reason but the true one for his London visit. Wherefore he admitted, with seeming reluctance, that he had been very seedy, and put aside petulantly the rest of his mother's theory without explicitly contradicting it. Then May began, of course, to believe in it, and even the Vicar was half taken in.

"Have you been to see a doctor, Fred?" he asked anxiously.

"I hadn't any money to throw away on doctors," he replied evasively and aggrievedly; and then he turned as a diversion to ask Gower: "What did you find to do here?"

"Oh, I've been all over the place, and to Leeds."

"Beastly hole!"

"I didn't mind it at all," Gower hastened to say politely; an answer which tickled the Vicar.

"It's really good of you to say so," he remarked in his pleasant way.

"Dr. Allman is one of the best doctors in England, they say," remarked Mrs. Beresford, apropos of Leeds, where that famous surgeon practised.

"Oh bother, mother. I am all right now," Fred cried irritably.

"If you were all right you wouldn't have gone to London for advice, and then to have no money!" she cried with a reproachful glance at her husband.

"Fred didn't go to London for advice," the Vicar remarked quietly.

Fred cast a startled look over at his father in the fear that he had come to know all; but it was only from his knowledge of Fred that the Vicar derived this assurance, as Fred immediately perceived and resented.

"I never said I did," he growled sulkily.

"He's no need to say it with that face. I'm sure no one who looks at him would doubt his being ill, if it wasn't his own father," exclaimed his indignant mother with irritating irrelevance.

"My dear, I only said he didn't go to London for advice; but it's not fair to vivisection him in this way the moment he returns," the Vicar said apologetically, conscious of the bad taste of this altercation in his guest's hearing.

May, being still more uncomfortably conscious of this, hastened to change the conversation.

"Do you know that Miss Hick——?"

"Apropos of vivisection?" interjected the Vicar.

"No, she didn't say an unkind word of any one to-day: but she has been marrying Mr. Spratt again. Who to, do you think, this time?"

"Either yourself or Mrs. Hedges; for there is no one else left."

Mrs. Hedges was an aged charwoman.

"To Miss Firth!"

"Miss Firth! But she's in another parish, my dear. We're not freetraders; we can't afford it; with a score of unmarried girls on hand we must encourage native industry."

"At Mr. Spratt's expense!"

"I don't see what Mr. Spratt has got to do with it; it's altogether Miss Hick's business, I take it. We must convert her to protection."

"He needs it any way, poor little man!" replied May.

"Did you try to get it out of her head?" asked her father.

"I did what I could; but her head is like a missionary box, open to get contributions from everyone; and it is much easier to drop a thing into it than to get it out again."

"Like Pandora's box, you mean," cried her father. And, indeed, most of the evil scandals that kept the parish lively, issued from Miss Hick's teeming brain.

"She has a sort of curatophobia," he added, turning to Gower, "and has got an idea that all curates—even poor Spratt—must 'have their fling,' as she calls it."

"I think she sometimes mixes him up with Mr. Miller," May remarked in explanation.

"Desinit in piscem mulier," cried the Vicar, laughing in rare enjoyment of his pun upon Spratt's name; for the schoolmaster still clung to him, and a pun, and especially a classical pun, is a schoolmaster's ideal of wit.

Gower grinned a sickly smile, that kind of laugh turned pale with a guilty consciousness of hypocrisy—for he had no idea of the joke; knowing, however, that "mulier" meant a woman, and imagining, therefore, that the quotation must be a humorous description of Miss Hick, he murmured something about "it hitting her off to a T."

"You've not been to see her?" the Vicar asked hastily, to cover his retreat upon the evident missing fire of his little joke.

"No," Gower replied, shaking his head decidedly.

"Oh, but you ought really; that is, if you don't mind leaving your character behind you when you leave, like Sir Peter Teazle. At least, she gives you fair warning of what she'll make of it by the way she will speak to you of other friends. It's like going into a catch-penny photographer's, where former victims are exhibited to suggest what a ghastly likeness of yourself will be shown to the next comers."

"But she's exceedingly generous——" pleaded May, and then, catching Fred's eye, she stopped confusedly. Of course she had not in her thoughts Miss Hick's generosity to Fred; but he had, and, as the conversation made him feel more and more uncomfortable, he said to Gower:

"You'll be dying for your bacey, old fellow," after his manner, in little things as in great, of affecting to consider another, when his exclusive consideration was himself.

Thus the two youths retired to the study, to poor Mrs. Beresford's distress, for she grudged Fred out of her sight for a moment, and she feared the effects upon his shattered health of smoking and late hours.

"Well, old man, here I am at last," said Fred, taking the most comfortable chair in the study and lighting one of Gower's cigars. Then he puffed meditatively for some seconds in embarrassed silence before he added: "You must have thought me a regular welsher for cutting off like this, eh?"

"I knew there was something up."

"By George! there was the devil and all up, and he isn't laid yet either by a long way—not by a long way," he reiterated, staring gloomily into the grate.

"Money?"

Fred shook his head.

"It's a deal deeper hole than that, though money may pull you out of it yet!"

"Me!"

"Why, I told you, didn't I?"

"You said it had something to do with me; but I thought you meant it as a blind to your father. I couldn't think of anything. It's not Yates, is it?"

"Yates? No. I wish it was. It's a worse mess than that for both of us." Here Fred paused for a moment, and then rose, flung into the grate the cigar he had just lighted, and paced the room in an

agitation which was not all assumed. Gower followed him with bewildered eyes, till Fred, stopping suddenly and turning almost fiercely upon Gower, cried:

"Do you remember that cheque for eight pounds you lent me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I changed 'eight' to 'eighty,' endorsed and cashed it!"

Gower fell back in his chair and gazed up at him with white face and wide eyes, trying to follow out the consequences to himself of the forgery.

"I wouldn't have done it for anyone but you; and I wouldn't have done it even for you, but that I thought your father was dying, and the cheque would be returned to you."

"For me? How do you mean?"

"To buy back those letters you'd written to little Pratt. There was a breach of promise in every one of them."

"Why—why, I bought them back myself only last Friday!" gasped Gower.

"By Heavens! What a scoundrel! I hunted him up to London, and all over London till I found him, and arranged with him; and he goes behind my back after all. Did he go to your father?"

"But why did he take them to you?" asked Gower, who was cunning enough to read something wrong in Fred's manner.

"He handed them to me first in mistake for some of my own."

"Oh," rejoined Gower, in a tone that expressed, "it was your own letters you bought with that cheque!"

"What do you mean?" cried Fred, turning sharply upon him and adopting a defiant tone as the most consistent with innocence.

"I mean that he might have brought them to myself."

"No, you don't; you mean that he never brought them to me or sold them to me. You mean that I never had them in my possession at all."

"And you mean you had them and returned them?"

"I had got them safe in my desk; but when I hurried off to cash the cheque, I left both desk and door open in my excitement, and the robber returned within the hour and stole them before I got back. I didn't miss them till he had cleared off with the money."

"And with your letters?"

"No, I had got mine back," Fred admitted disconcertedly.

"Bought them back?"

"Of course I had to buy them back. But I had got yours back before my own, as my own weren't worth sixpence in a court of justice."

"How much had you to give for them?" asked Gower.

"You mean you don't believe a word I say!" cried Fred, falling back upon bullying as the safest evasion. "Perhaps you'll believe I bought your letters if I repeat their contents to you. I had to read them to see if they were as compromising as he made out, and worth what he asked for them. Did you write this—, or this—, or this—?" he asked, repeating from the letters the most compromising passages that he remembered—a recitation which had the reverse of a conciliatory effect upon Gower.

"You've read my letters; but it wasn't for them you forged that cheque. What hurry was there if my father was dying as you thought? Hang it, Beresford! you seem to think I'm an idiot!" Gower cried.

"There was just this hurry, he wanted the money at once to save himself from immediate ruin. Do you think he'd have taken eighty pounds for what he could have got eight times eighty pounds for in a breach of promise suit, if he hadn't been in a hole?"

Gower remained sullenly silent. Fred's sudden come-down to a calm reasoning tone, just when he was accused in so many words of being a cheat and liar, left no doubt at all in Gower's mind that he had forged the cheque for the redemption of his own letters. If he had given the eighty pounds for Gower's letters, what remained to him to buy back his own? But, indeed, the whole story was transparently and absolutely false to Gower's thinking. However, he was too hopelessly in love with May to quarrel with her brother, and he therefore remained sullenly silent.

Suddenly Fred started up and cried furiously: "D— you, I've done with you! I'd made my mind up to bolt from London; but I thought I'd come down to warn you and bid you good-bye, and all the thanks I get is to be told that I'm a liar!"

So saying he strode to the door in unfeigned fury this time.

"Do you mean to leave the country?" asked Gower, suddenly realising Fred's desperate danger from the law. Fred, however, taking no notice of the question, opened the door violently.

"I say, Beresford, stop; listen!"

"Well?" asked Fred fiercely, holding still the handle of the open door.

"Shut the door and let us talk it over. Come, man, shut the door and be reasonable," Gower said soothingly, but in the precise tone of superiority in which Fred had been used to talk to him. Fred felt the reversal of their relative positions which it expressed, yet he shut the door sulkily and returned to the fireplace.

"You weren't really thinking of leaving the country?" asked Gower again.

"Do you suppose I'm going to stay here to be sent to penal servitude for forgery?"

"It's the devil's own mess. What on earth did you—is to be done?" he hastily said in correction of himself.

"If you could intercept the cheque?" suggested Fred feebly, cowed at the thought of his position. His nerve was quite gone, and he was beginning to accept as natural Gower's patronage.

Gower shook his head decidedly. "There's no stopping it now till it comes back to the governor. It will kill your sister and mother," he added, giving Fred a new hope, for his mother was plainly thrown in as an after-thought.

"Do you suppose I haven't thought of that? If it wasn't for May's sake, I shouldn't mind it half as much. I can't get her out of my thoughts."

There was a minute's silence, during which Gower, whose passion for May was by this time at fever-heat, turned over in his mind the bearings of this horrible scrape of Fred's upon his suit. To begin with, its detection would put out of the question his father's consent to his marriage with May. On the other hand, if by his means Fred's crime could be kept from his father's knowledge, it would at once remove this obstacle, and promote his suit immensely.

"Look here, Beresford, there's nothing I wouldn't do for your sister; and if you can think of any way of stopping this thing, I shall do all I can to manage it for her sake."

Fred was hereby left in no doubt at all of two things: first, that Gower did not believe one single word of his story, and would not therefore move a finger to save him for his own sake; and secondly, that he was "gone on May," as he phrased it to himself. However, he saw it was wiser to ignore his friend's virtual disbelief and renunciation of him, and to cling to this new plank flung to him almost contemptuously.

Then ensued a discussion as to the best way of intercepting this forged cheque, and of setting right Sir George's bank-book by the payment of seventy-two pounds, with the result that Gower agreed to start to-morrow to consult the family solicitor, while Fred promised to refund the seventy-two pounds. Gower took pains to impress upon Fred that the one hundred pounds, which he had just extracted like a tooth out of Sir George for the redemption of the letters, had made the old man unapproachable by him for any purpose for months to come.

The resolve upon joint action of any kind seemed to take an immense load off Fred's mind. The mere confession of the crime was an immense relief; but it was to this resolve on action what the escape of steam through a safety-valve is to the turning of it on to the cylinders.

Whisky and water, of course, helped to lighten the load still more; so that before the two youths retired in the small hours, Gower had confided his frenzied passion to Fred, and Fred had resumed something of his former lofty tone of patronage to Gower. In truth, Gower's lovelorn confidence invited Fred's contempt; since this excellent brother held May cheap, because she cheapened herself to him.

"Hit there! by George!" he exclaimed, when Gower had at last got out his confession. "And how does she take it?"

"I hardly know; she's always pleasant, but—"

"Do you mean her manner hasn't changed since she found it out?"

"But she hasn't found it out. I haven't spoken yet."

"Hang it, man; you don't suppose she'd have to wait till you spoke to find it out. They all know it before we do ourselves."

Gower shook his head dissentingly.

"Pooh! You don't know them," rejoined Fred, knocking the ashes from his pipe on the top bar of the grate. "There never was a girl so stupid as not to feel the nibble on the line before the man feels the hook in his jaws; and May's quick as a hawk's eye."

"But her manner hasn't changed much—not so much, I mean, as if she was sure—she's been a bit more stand-off since I came back," Gower said somewhat confusedly.

"Of course, she's read you through and through."

"Do you mean that her coolness is against me?"

"She mayn't have read herself through and through yet," answered Fred evasively.

He thought May's holding off a bit was very much in Gower's favour, but he was not going to say so, and thereby cheapen his sister, the hostage for his safety.

"She just worships you."

"Oh, she's staunch enough," Fred replied carelessly.

"There's nothing she wouldn't do for you."

"Even marry you," rejoined Fred, laughing with vinous boisterousness. "Well, old fellow, if she'll do it to please me, it's done."

"Not that, of course," replied Gower, himself somewhat excited by his potations, but keeping still a steady eye upon his object; "but you might give me a lift in her good opinion."

"Never fear; I'll praise you till she won't know you," Fred answered, laughing again, with noisy delight at his own wit.

Gower did not join in the laugh, nor did he make an immediate answer. Presently he said with unmistakeable significance: "You'll take her into confidence about this?"

"About your feelings?"

"About that cheque."

"Why should I? To make her miserable? I thought you wished to spare her?"

"Well, you know, it's for her sake I'm mixing myself up with it."

Fred perfectly understood the bargain thus suggested. Gower would interfere to save him, only on condition that May was told of this heroic interference and of its motive.

"If she doesn't care for you already, that won't change her," said Fred sulkily.

"You can do as you like," Gower answered menacingly, with boyish sullenness.

There was then a sulky silence of some seconds, which Fred at last broke.

"I'll tell her when you've set it straight; she won't mind it so much when the danger is over." A bargain which Gower perfectly understood.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

### APRIL.

THE Latin name for this month was Aprilis—from aperio, to open—it being the month when trees and plants were supposed to burst their buds. It formed the second month of the Romans. It was consecrated to Venus, the goddess of Beauty. The Saxon name for it was Ostre month (probably meaning Easter) or the

goddess of that name. Charlemagne called April "grass" month, which name the Dutch previously applied to it. Whatever the origin or signification of these names, we know that

Earth now is green, and heaven is blue;  
Lively spring which makes all new,  
Jolly spring doth enter—  
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue  
Angry, aged winter.

In the rural districts of England it is an article of common faith that we cannot have too much wet weather in April, for, combined with March winds,

April showers,  
Help to bring on May flowers.

To the farmer rain in April must be the most pleasant sight, if there be any truth in the old adage that

In April every rainy day  
Means so much more of corn and hay.

If the first three days in April be foggy, we are told there will be a flood in June. The authorities on such subjects do not at all object to snow falling in April, for they assure us that "a cold April the barn will fill," and also that

April's snow  
Makes May blow.

Other weather prognostics will be found recorded on their respective days. April is not one of the most unlucky months in the year, though an old quack has informed us that "In the month which we call April, the last Monday" is a particularly fatal day, and by my calendars I see that the sixth, seventh, tenth, eleventh, sixteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first, are also dangerous days. Another old scribe says the first Monday in April is a dangerous day because Cain was born and Abel slain on that day. To guard against misfortune during this month the sapphire should be worn. In former times it was supposed to free the possessor from enchantment, and denoted repentance and kindness in disposition. There was, however, an exception to this, for

She who from April dates her years  
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears  
For vain repentance flow. This stone  
Emblem of innocence is known.

The first day of April is well known as All Fools' Day, and has been noted from the very earliest times for its pranks.

The first of April is also Easter Day this year. On the Eve of Easter, it was formerly customary, in Catholic times, to extinguish all fires, and light them anew. The priest then blessed the newly-made

fire, and a brand from it was supposed to be effectual as a charm against thunder-strokes.

As a mark of abhorrence of Judaism it was once common to cook and eat a gammon of bacon on Easter Day, and, in ridicule of the bitter herbs used by the Jews to celebrate the Passover, the tansy pudding obtained a footing in this country.

Easter festivities were common in Scotland. Fuller gives a lovely description of the festivities of lively and finely-dressed children at Berwick-on-Tweed, attended by servants. This charming group, he says, is joined more or less by the parents of the children, who, together with such as are attracted by curiosity, form on such occasions a company of a great many hundreds. They assemble in greatest numbers behind the barracks, where the rampart is broadest. The fruiterers attend in full display, as well as many itinerants in various pursuits. The whole company may be called a sportive fair. From the "Table Book" we learn as to Ireland that, in the county of Antrim, Easter Monday was observed by dancing, jumping, running, climbing, and drinking. Brawls, black eyes, and broken bones were the result. The trundling of eggs was a more innocent amusement; this was practised by the Presbyterians of County Down.

One of the institutions of Easter Monday was the Grand Epping Hunt, which the "Chelmsford Chronicle" for April fifteenth, 1805, thus describes: "On Easter Monday last, Epping Forest was enlivened with the celebrated stag-hunt. The road from Whitechapel to the Bald-faced Stag on the forest, was covered with Cockney sportsmen, chiefly dressed in the costume of the chase, in scarlet frock, black jockey cap, new boots, and buckskin breeches. By ten o'clock the assemblage of civil hunters, mounted on all sorts and shapes, could not fall far short of one thousand two hundred. There were numberless Dianas also of the chase from Rotherhithe, the Minorities, etc., some in riding habits, mounted on titups, and others by the side of their mothers in gigs, tax-carts, and other vehicles appropriate to the sports of the field. The Saffron Walden Stag-hounds made their joyful appearance about half-past ten, without any of the Melishes or Bosanquets, who were more knowing sportsmen than to risk either themselves or their horses in so desperate a burst. The huntmen having capped their half-crowns, the horn blew just before twelve

as a signal for the old, fat, one-eyed stag (kept for the day) being enlarged from the cart. He made a bound of several yards over the heads of some pedestrians at first starting, when such a clatter commenced as the days of Nimrod never knew. Some of the scarlet jackets were sprawling on the high road a few minutes after starting, so that a lamentable return of the maimed, missing, thrown, and thrown out, may naturally be expected."

On Easter Eve, from the Tweed to below the Trent, it was not so long since the youths and maidens were in the habit of visiting the clothiers' and milliners' shops, in order to make purchases for Easter Sunday. They had a strong belief that minus a small article of personal adornment worn for the first time on Easter Day, rooks or some other birds would spoil their finery.

On Easter Tuesday, in each year, the scholars of Christ Church Hospital pay a visit to the Mansion House, where they receive from the hands of the Lord Mayor an Easter gift. As the boys pass before the Chief Magistrate in the saloon, they each receive from him a gift in new coin according to their standing in the school. The Grecians receive a guinea each; the junior Grecians, half-a-guinea; monitors, half-a-crown; and the rest of the scholars one shilling each. Each also receives a cake and a glass of lemonade, and, after the ceremony, they are accompanied by the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries to Christ Church, Newgate Street, where the Spital Sermon is preached.

One of the most horrible massacres ever recorded, occurred on an Easter Monday, April the thirtieth, 1282, A.D., and is recorded in a very old work "Das Mittelalter," by Professor Dieltz, as follows:

"It was on Easter Monday, A.D., 1282, that the Nobles and Knights (of Sicily) were assembled at Palermo, in obedience to a summons issued by John of Procida."

An explanation of this is perhaps necessary. Sicily was at that time ruled by Charles of Anjou, son of Louis the Eighth of France, who was most overbearing in the harshness he exhibited towards his Sicilian subjects. This had the effect of exciting in their hearts feelings of animosity towards the King, and one John of Procida, a physician, disguised himself as a monk and went about the island inciting the natives against the French rule. On Easter Monday "it was customary for the people of the town, French as well as

Sicilians, to attend Vespers at the Church of Moareale, distant about an hour's walk from Palermo, and afterwards to pass the evening in festive rejoicing at the same place. A stringent order had been published by the town authorities that no one was to be armed; such being thought necessary in order to avoid a possible collision between the Sicilians and the French. It chanced, however, that a certain insolent Frenchman, named Drouet, grossly insulted a young lady of noble rank, who, with her parents and her betrothed, was present on this occasion, by attempting to search her, on the assumption that she had a weapon concealed in her dress. On seeing this, the young lady's friends rushed furiously to her assistance. A thousand daggers glittered in the air; there was a general attack on the French by the Italian crowd, and a fierce battle ensued. Drouet, and those of his countrymen who had come to his rescue, were at once struck down, and in a few minutes the carnage became general. Then, shouting 'Death to the French!' the Sicilians hurried back to Palermo. Arrived there, the conspirators placed themselves at the head of the infuriated mob. The palace of the Governor was stormed and the functionary put to death. A search was then made through every house for concealed French people, and all who were discovered were at once pitilessly murdered. Nearly four thousand persons lost their lives in Palermo that night. After that the conspirators repaired to their own homes and organised a general massacre of French throughout the island. In order to be sure in all cases that a person was French and not Sicilian, the murderers gave him a test word to repeat. The word chosen was 'ciceri,' pronounced as though spelt 'chit-cheri,' supposed to be impossible for a French tongue to pronounce; and did the unfortunate person fail in repeating the word, he was killed on the spot. In Messina, where, owing to the presence of a strong garrison, the insurrection was latest in breaking out, three thousand persons were murdered, after much fighting. In the end, two Frenchmen alone remained on the island. They were saved by a friend, who incurred great danger on their account. Charles of Anjou was in Rome, with his friend the Pope, when he received the news of the massacres." This Massacre of the Vespers, as it has come to be called, ended in the overthrow of the cruel French rule in Sicily, and the

restoration of the old line of monarchs in the person of Peter the Third of Aragon.

A singular custom exists in some of the towns on the Lower Rhine on Easter Day, namely, the selling by auction of young marriageable girls. For nearly four centuries the town crier, or clerk, of Saint Goar has called together all the young people, and the highest bidder has had the privilege of dancing with the girl he selects, and her only, during the year following. The proceeds of the sales are dropped into the poor-box.

April the eighth is Low Sunday, and is always the first Sunday after Easter, and probably owes its name to the fact that in former times the service on this day was of an inferior character as to solemnity.

April the fifteenth is the next festival in the calendar, and is known as Hock Tide. It is a moveable feast, and is kept on the fifteenth and sixteenth days after Easter. On the first of these days men used to stop female passengers by means of a rope stretched across the road, demanding toll before permitting them to proceed on their way. The second day the women claimed the same right with regard to men. The practice continued down to 1450, when it was prohibited by the Bishop of Worcester.

In the time of Elizabeth plays were performed at Hock Tide, and amongst the illustrious persons who witnessed them was the maiden Queen herself, when on a visit to the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. The origin of the meaning of the word is completely lost in the mists of obscurity, like the reason for observing the day as a festival or holiday of the church. A very peculiar tenure custom of guarding the ward staff was formerly observed on this day by the Lord of the Hundreds of Ongar and Harlow.

The next high day at which we arrive, and the first saint day of the month is Saint George's Day, April the twenty-third. Were it not that this saint holds the rank of patron saint of England, I should hardly have thought it worth while occupying space here for a record of his day. There are two accounts of him, one stating that he was born of Christian parents, and that he suffered martyrdom for his religion under Diocletian, and the other that he was a native of Cappadocia, and was a brave soldier.

However this may be, certain it is that he is held in great veneration throughout the east of Europe, where he is

fabulously reported to have slain a dragon which was ravaging Lydia, and which required to be fed with young women, who drew lots for priority. At length it fell to the lot of the King's daughter to be sacrificed, when Saint George most opportunely arrived, slew the dragon, and delivered the Princess from her peril.

He is the patron of several military Orders of Knighthood, notably that of the Garter, the most coveted in the world, in which he is depicted as slaying the dragon.

It was once customary for people, who wished to be considered fashionable, to wear a blue coat on this day. Country people tell us that

When St. George rides forth in white,  
Spring shall know no drought nor blight.

Thus we may be excused for expressing a hope that the twenty-third will witness a fall of snow. But there appears to be another side to this question, for

If the rye be green on St. George's Day,  
Fresh bread on St. James's eat we may.

It is undoubtedly best that we should have snow on this day with the bounteous harvest than that the rye should be seen peeping through the ground. It is satisfactory to know that

When St. George's Day is o'er,  
Rooks and crows can do no more,

meaning, no doubt, that the wheat has sprouted and so all danger of the crows stealing the seed is removed.

The fishermen amongst the Finns are particularly careful not to be riotous on St. George's Day, believing that such an act would be followed by a terrible tempest at sea.

One of the ancient customs observed on this day was known as "Riding the George." In many parish churches an equestrian statue of the saint was erected, and decorated in a most luxuriant and extravagant manner. The pageant must have been a very imposing one, for it consisted of a procession of gorgeously-arrayed allegorical figures, the principal one representing St. George.

Corporation and City feasts used to be held on this day.

The colours of the Scotch Fusiliers are annually trooped on St. George's Day. Each man wears a white and a red rose, and the roll of the obsolete but dearly cherished order of merit is read out at the head of the battalion. The badge of St. George and the Dragon is said to have been first awarded to the regiment in

1674, when Sir John Fenwick was appointed Colonel.

Saint Mark's Eve, April the twenty-fifth, amongst our simple-minded and exceedingly superstitious predecessors in the land of merry England, enjoyed a somewhat doubtful notoriety as the season of dark divinations. It also possessed many of the privileges awarded by the Scotch to the festival of All Hallow E'en, with regard to love divinations, and with these, I will, as they are the most pleasant, first deal. We have been told by an ancient poet that :

On Saint Mark's Eve, at twelve o'clock,  
The fair maid will watch her smock,  
To find her husband, in the dark,  
By praying unto good Saint Mark.

As the verse stands it is meaningless ; but it refers to a divination, which may thus be explained. It was, once upon a time, customary with young maidens, before going to bed on Saint Mark's mystic eve, at least, such as desired to be gratified by a vision of their future husbands, to hang their chemises—smocks they were called in those days—before the fire as if to air. If the maiden then sat and watched in the dark, her patience or faith was rewarded by seeing a shadowy form, like unto him who was to be her husband, come to the article of clothing and reverse it. If no such form appeared, the maid would die a maid.

The next charm is perhaps well known, and was performed as well on Saint Mark's as All Hallow E'en. A row of sweet chestnuts must be placed on the fire-bars where the heat is greatest, one nut for each maiden. As each nut is placed on the bars the maiden must repeat the name of her lover, and say :

If you love me, pop and fly,  
If not, lie there silently.

Thus exhorted, in the event of a faithful lover, the nut would at once pop and fly towards her, if not, it would be consumed.

Watching in the church porch fasting, was one of the superstitions connected with this day, he who did it being rewarded with a sight of all who were destined to die during the year. Very similar, though not quite so gruesome, was the custom of riddling the ashes from the fire on the hearth before going to bed on the eve of Saint Mark. This being done, it was believed that in the morning there would be found impressed there the foot-print of any member of the family who was to die during the year.

At Alnwick, Northumberland, there formerly was practised on Saint Mark's Day a most absurd custom. A legend states that King John had occasion to visit the place, and by some means found himself landed in a dirty pool on the border of the common. Angry at the mishap, he granted a charter, wherein a condition was imposed, that every citizen before being allowed to take up his freedom should pass through the self-same pool. Annually, on Saint Mark's Day, those who were desirous of becoming freemen of the borough used to repair to the pool, known as "Freemen's Well," and, attired in white robes, wearing swords at their sides, walk through it. Having changed their dirt-begrimed clothes for others, they then marched round the common and afterwards made a merry night in the town.

Formerly the common people, we are told, used to gather the leaves of the elder on the last day of April, and thus gathered, they were used for curing wounds, and were affixed to doors and windows to disappoint the charms of witches.

#### A DAY'S OTTER-HUNTING.

"LOOK alive, gentlemen! Bobbie has taken the 'Bowwows' down," cries the jovial voice of the Master of a certain famous North-country pack of otter-hounds through the open window, round which yellow honeysuckle and shy blush roses are swaying lightly in the early breeze, and peeping slyly into the little inn parlour, where half-a-dozen of us have just breakfasted.

A vigorous stamping into great cow-hide boots, a tightening of knickerbocker buckles, the last button on buff leather gaiters twisted home, a hasty catching-up of long steel-shod ash-spears, and we hasten off after our leader over the mossy, three-arched bridge, under which the brown Leven is sliding with a soft swish, and through the water meadows, scattering myriads of dew diamonds around as we wade ankle-deep in luscious herbage to the river-side. Here on this sweet June morning a compact little crowd is already gathered, showing what a leveller of social exclusiveness is the rare sport of hunting "Lutra vulgaris," the graceful, but poaching, otter. The blue knee-breeches and jackets of the Members of the Hunt are freely mixing with the brown fustian of the labourer, and

the "lord of half a shire" is pleasantly discussing the state of the streams with one of his own hinds; sturdy fellows from the slate-quarries up above, and lithe shepherds off the hills fraternise with smart grooms and stable boys, whose masters are somewhere near; whilst in the centre of a knot of gay gallants are two "fayre damozelles"—daughters of a stalwart squire—who inherit to the full the sporting instincts of their ancient house; tall, well-made girls with fresh, bonnie faces and golden hair, which will stray from under their crimson Tam o' Shanter, looking, in their short, rough, home-spun dresses and long boots, the pictures of healthy grace and vigour, as fine and winsome specimens of plucky, well-bred, English gentlewomen as you could wish to see.

But there is a general move, as through the gray dawn-mist which yet lies lightly in the valley, though it is curling swiftly up the steep hill-sides, and disappearing away over the Fell tops, the sixteen couples of big, rough-haired hounds, with massive jaws, and long, drooping ears, trot gaily after the sturdy huntsman.

Leaving "the Whip" to aid "the Master" with the main body, Bobbie fords the river with his particular favourites to the farther shore, and we follow the splashing string through the cool waters, which rush and swirl over knees, and rattle and roll the pebbles under foot; for a wetting more or less is nothing to a real otter-hunter, when many a mile's rough scramble will dry him.

Now the work begins as the pack is laid on, and after a few meaningless whimpers and a rush hither and thither, the beauties are got in hand and move off down stream, searching eagerly every rock, and root, and hollow as they go.

"Are the chances good to-day, Bobbie?"  
"Fust-rate! Keeper, he have seen mor'n yan otter lately, and I picked up a foine trout as had a whole neck last noight, I'll swear."

"But don't some say that otters only take the coarser sorts of fish?"

"Ah, folks be allays inventin' of new ideas; and them noospaper chaps don't care what they puts into 'em, so as it fills up, and sells. But it arn't in season a bit. Look ye at it sensible now: I doesn't drink watter when I can get yäle; and otters they arn't so feckless as to eat chub and t'loike when they can tak' salmon an' trout as easy."

And the old fellow chuckles till his jolly

round face becomes almost the colour of his scarlet jacket, and, being in a good temper, condescends to discuss the habits of the great chieftain of the weasel race; and as he strides on, poking and peering into every crannie, he tells many a story of his experiences. How the wily animal knows each drain and culvert for miles around, and how he is so cunning that he shifts his quarters nightly, and never sleeps twice running in the same lair, leaving his wife when hampered by a family to shift for herself; of the curious out-of-the-way places in which otters choose to hide, which makes the tracking of them so difficult, and how one was found inside the rim of a water-wheel.

So we push on through the copses where the young spruces scent the air, and their fragrance is mingled with the aroma of golden honeydew. How thoroughly delicious is the early morning pipe, when its blue cloudlets wreath up into the bluer sky, where, far beyond all ken, many a lark is warbling a greeting of song to Aurora, "the rosy-fingered dawn," and the world around is waking to the crowing of the strutting cock and lowing of the rousing kye.

"Bow, wow, wo-o-o-w," rings out through the fresh intoxicating air, like the chiming of a deep-toned bell, and the sonorous call floats upon the river, and echoes away under the pine-clad heights, and is sent sharply back again.

"Yon's old Ragman, and he never gives tongue for naught," cries Bobbie gleefully, as he swings himself down by a young pollard into the water, and plunges towards a sloping rock where a golden-tan is casting round the "Spor," and sending out a summons to his comrades who are hastening towards him with muzzles low and tails lifted.

"Hi, Cromwell, foind! Here, Musical Lass, Rollo, Marquis, ho there, foind, foind!"

Away we go, the dogs in and out of the stream, hunting in earnest, for the "drag" is a hot one, through shallows and past deep pools where the mist still hangs, over ditch and bullfinch, and through tangled brake, all excitement and dash.

How the different qualities of men come out strongly as the obstacles thicken and the pace still holds; here cool head, sure eye, and ready nerve carry boldly and safely onward, whilst there excited heedlessness rushes blindly to a fall, and over-cautious timidity is impaled in some tough hedgerow.

Suddenly there is a check in the onward rush, as Cromwell, Raleigh, and Juno spring from the river and take straight up a little stream which comes murmuring through a thick hazel wood. Driving after them, with arms uplifted to guard faces from springing branches, we come upon a veritable "fairy's dell," carpeted with soft velvety moss, where the streamlet leaps over a tiny fern-fringed cliff in a curtain of spray that glitters like a crystal veil in the sunbeams, which pierce the leafy canopy and chequer the sward amber and gold. Here stillness reigns. The elfin band, out of pity for the quarry or to tease the pursuers, have completely hidden the trail and puffed the scent away, for all trace is lost and the knowing hounds are at fault and sniff uneasily about in puzzled silence until called off, when they follow meekly after the huntsman, on whose face a keen sense of wrong unmistakeably sits.

"Cheer up, Bobbie, Musical has hold still on the other side," and we plunge into Leven again, and forge our way waist-deep through its current, against which we hold up on our spears, whilst the dogs swim in a long slant across, with the quiet, powerful strokes for which the real otter-hound is famed.

"Been hunting to heel yonder, eh?" says the Master as we scramble up.

"Two of the rascals about, I reckon," answers Bobbie, as his face broadens into a smile, and he takes a pull at his horn and cracks his long whip with a

"Ho, Musical, good lass. To it Bellman—foind my beauties—Raleigh—Cromwell, foind, foind."

And the pack race in to Musical's side and, with a glorious burst of wild melody which crashes amongst the rocks and rises over the tree-tops, and then echoes and murmurs and dies away amongst the hills, the hunt is up again. Away once more at speed, whilst the clever dogs work rapidly along, scouring every yard of the banks and giving the unseen chase no chance to dodge by lying quiet till they have passed him. But he is evidently well ahead, though it was not an hour since he passed, for the scent is strong, and the pursuit does not slacken, though the miles are being covered one by one, and the valley is widening out into level meads.

"Ware dyke, gentlemen," is the warning hail as a double fence with a ditch yawns right ahead, at which we dash and somehow clear, though an ominous crash and splash

tells that some one has failed and come a cropper. There is a cry:

"The Curate's in."

"Best place too for a Jack Parson I should say," sneers a young fellow who only joined us a short half-mile back, when the Leven curved away from the high road and so obliged him to leave the King's Arms dog-cart in which he was being driven, and from the lofty elevation of which he bestowed many a pitying glance at the huntsmen on foot.

Ah! simple youth, fresh from the quads of John's, nigh to the Cam, thou dost not know that this clay-bespattered figure emerging from its muddy bath, once stroked a mighty Dark-blue Eight to victory off the Ship, and, though a parson, is a right manly one, who does his duty not the worse for being a genial companion at the cover-side, a fatal shot upon the moor, or because he can wield a cricket bat and throw a fly with skill. And though he be not garbed in the startling check knickerbockers and chess-board-patterned stockings, the like of which adorn thy lower limbs, yet know, magnificent youth, that when thou in thy ignorance of this work hast imbibed several quantities of "whisky and soda" at chance publics, and can therefore follow the chase no more, this grey-clad "Jack Parson" will be in at the death, and, after a stiff seventeen miles' grind, will merrily start back homewards, and go a mile or two out of the way to see a bed-ridden old harridan, into whose skinny hands he will empty his pouch of Latakia, so that her black clay pipe may yield the one particle of enjoyment in her lonely, cheerless lot.

"There he is! At him Raleigh, Bugle, Ragman, Buttercup!" rises high the Whip's voice as he sights the game; but there is no need to urge them on, for they are already after him, swimming steadily, circling round, or waiting expectant on either shore. A quivering of the water, a bubbling of air, a dark something slips up and out of the ripples, and the otter has gone to holt amongst the twisted roots of a great sycamore, where he bids defiance to the baffled pack, who bay furiously a few feet out of reach.

"He's only a young 'un, or he'd a shown more foight. Here, Sambo, in wi' ye and bolt him."

A sharp, wire-haired terrier springs with a yelp and wriggles out of sight into the hole. There is a moment's pause, then a terrific scuffling, and otter and terrier come

bounding out in a close embrace and drop into the river.

"Off, dogs! Back, you brutes!" cries Bobbie, leaping into the midst and laying about him fiercely with his terrible thong. Too late! for, before he can come to the rescue, the excited, tumbling pack have killed both terrier and otter; and brave old Bobbie, as he lifts up the lifeless bodies still locked in a close grapple, fairly blubbers out:

"The very best tarrier of 'em all, game little chap. I'll just get 'em stuffed this fashion."

But there is no time to loiter, for the sun is driving his chariot fast across the heavens, and his hot rays will kill all scent; so let us on as fast as we may along the low shores, for already we have reached the tide, and Leven is hurrying to the sea. A pause to try a dyke in that thick plantation, and then over the railway bridge and away for Rusland Pool.

The word "pool," gentle reader, does not, in Westmoreland, mean only a pond or a deep spot in a river, but is applied often to the whole course of a stream, and Rusland is a tributary of the Leven, which winds its narrow but deep channel adown a little valley under the shadow of Furness Fells. It is a curious streamlet, full of deep holes and sunken banks, smart twists and sharp swirls, flowing far from village and hamlet.

The field has now thinned considerably; but the two "fayre maidens," like true nymphs of Great Artemis of the Silver Bow, are still bravely to the front, their skirts and boots telling eloquently how gallantly they have followed the chase, and won great honour and renown by their pluck and wondrous staying powers.

A couple of miles' steady tramp and a halt is called, whilst two energetic Members of the Hunt strike off with Bill the Whip and a quartet of hounds to draw a lonely swamp, a favourite otter-haunt; and the rest of us fling ourselves alongside the dogs upon the turf and await the result. Ten, fifteen minutes!

"If they don't find, we will knock off for the day," says the Master, fingering his leather watch-guard; but, as he speaks, there is a distant baying, which brings us all to our feet as the successful beaters break cover a hundred yards away, driving a fine big otter pell-mell into the pool, and the lone dale rings to the glad cries of men and hounds as we hasten up.

At first, the varmint speeds up stream,

fleet and determined, but either his dash is gone or he bethinks him of shallows above, for at a sullen reach he makes a stand, but gives way and skulks under the bank. Out he is budged, and then he boldly turns and fights, and quickly dives deep, after giving Cromwell an ugly nip; but that tough old hound is not to be thus easily repulsed, and dashes at his assailant the moment he rises, and so for an hour and twenty minutes the battle rages above, below, up and down, whilst the waters gurgle, and ripple, and lap noisily amongst the flag roots, and wounds are given and taken freely. But the weight of numbers tells, and there is a rush, a terrific splashing, a fierce, sharp, scurrying tussle; and then the vanquished river pirate dies gamely, with his face to the baying foe, and his strong, cruel teeth in an enemy's shaggy throat, and Bobbie's horn sounds his requiem, which rises and falls, swells and dies away far over hill and dale.

Such is otter-hunting in lovely Lakeland, beneath those everlasting hills, where lone Scafell rears his sovereign crest, and the Langdale Pikes stand like powerful courtiers before him, and grim Helvellyn keeps silent watch and ward at the outer gateway of that mountain world of stone. Given such a country and such streams, with a keen love of muscular exercise, a profound contempt for falls and wettings, genial companions, gallant hounds, and, sometimes at least, the quarry, there is no finer sport in the world than this old English pastime of otter-hunting.

## THE COURTENAYS.

A FAMILY this, compared with which Charles the Second's Dukes—the Graftons, the Cleverlands, and so forth—are very mushroom, and even the Russells and Pagets, and others who grew into nobility through the favour of Henry the Eighth and the spoils of the monasteries, are quite parvenus.

For concerning Hugh Courtney—"Short Nose"—who in 1338 inherited from Isabel, sister of Baldwin de Rivers and wife of William de Fortibus, the Devon county history may be consulted. The Riverses (de Riparia) began in 1120; and, of course, their genealogy is full of legend. It is not till the middle of the fourteenth century that the family in which they were swallowed up comes to the front in the person of Archbishop William. William was the fourth son of Earl Hugh, the son of Isabel de

Fortibus's heir. His mother was the daughter of Humphrey Bohun of Hereford, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the First. Being thus grandson of "the greatest of the Plantagenets," it is no wonder that he was at once on the high road to preferment.

In his twenty-third year he was chosen Chancellor of Oxford University, in spite of a claim to *ex-officio* chancellorship on the part of the Bishop of Lincoln. He was made Prebendary of Exeter, Wells, and York, and, in 1339, was appointed Bishop of Hereford, the Pope issuing a special bull to allow so young a man to be bishopped.

He was strongly opposed to the Lollards; at the same time he was anxious to protect the Church from the double oppression of Pope and Crown. Before long he was translated to London; and when the Pope, at war with the Florentines, issued against them a bull pronouncing their excommunication, and authorising the seizure of their property, he published it at Paul's Cross; "for," said he, "I owe canonical obedience to Rome in everything that does not concern the liberties of the Church of England." So the Florentines were banned, and the Londoners, whose jealousy of foreign traders their Bishop was pleased to gratify, pillaged their houses just as if they had been miscreant Jews. This was past bearing; the King took the foreigners under his protection, and cited the Bishop for publishing a papal bull contrary to the laws of England. Courtenay—for so the name had been improved from Courtney—was ordered to unsay at Paul's Cross what he had before said; but he got off by letting one of his apparitors declare from the pulpit that the people had misunderstood him.

Towards the end of Edward's reign there was a great fight between Church and King, in which the Church was standing out for freedom against royal encroachments. The Black Prince, as long as he lived, sided with the Church, and with him were Courtenay and William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. On the other side were John of Gaunt, the Prince's brother, and Sudbury, who had been Bishop of London before he was promoted to Canterbury. Wycliff was made a tool of in this business; John of Gaunt set him up against the Bishops, and the struggle between him and Courtenay is not very creditable to the Reformer.

Wycliff was cited to appear at St. Paul's

(1377). The Bishops and their friends were in the Lady Chapel; the church was crowded with Londoners. Wycliff entered, supported by John of Gaunt and Earl Percy.

"Marshalmen, clear the way," shouted John of Gaunt, finding it hard to force a passage.

And when the men began batoning the crowd with a will, Bishop Courtenay said:

"He should never have set foot in my church had I known what he was going to do."

"That I will," retorted the Duke, "as often as I please, whether the Bishop wills it or not."

"A seat for Master Wycliff," cried Percy, the Earl Marshal, when at last the party had got into the Lady Chapel.

"Nay, good Earl," replied Courtenay, "it is against both law and reason that an accused clerk should sit in the presence of his judges."

John of Gaunt's face flushed with anger; but he felt the Bishop had the best of it.

"Proud Bishop," he shouted, "I will pull thee down, thee, and all the Bishops in England. Thou trusteth in thy parents, who can profit thee not at all; for they shall have enough to do to defend themselves."

"I trust in God only," replied Courtenay.

"God shall not hinder but that I will drag thee forth by what hair thou hast, if thou speakest so to me," answered Gaunt.

This was too much for the Londoners. The Bishop was popular, and they were not going to see him dishonoured in his own church. Angry cries arose; the multitude swayed to and fro; the Duke and his marshalmen were as playthings in the hands of the enraged citizens; the Court broke up in confusion; and, had not Courtenay interfered—reminding his supporters that Lent was no time for riot and bloodshed—a party of the more violent would have fallen on the Duke and burned his palace of the Savoy. Instead of this they only marched down and reversed his arms.

Gaunt's dignity suffered a good deal that day. The "*Chronicon Angliæ*," p. 119, records with gusto, all the hard things which were said to him by the mob. Such a quarrel was not likely so to end. Gaunt had clapped into the Tower a squire, one Robert Hale, who, escaping, took sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. The Duke's men tried to drag him out, and, in the scuffle, both he and a verger were slain. This was out of Courtenay's jurisdiction; but the Archbishop excommunicated the offenders, and Courtenay solemnly published the

sentence, thrice a week, at St. Paul's. The Council, moved by Gaunt, urged him to desist. He refused, and Gaunt threatened that he would drag the Bishop before the Council, "despite all the ribalds of the city."

Meanwhile, Pope Gregory the Eleventh had sent bulls, urging the Archbishop and Courtenay to do something effectual against Wycliff; but Wycliff had by this time not only the Court party on his side, but also a section of the Londoners. Nothing, therefore, was attempted for the next four years, during which Pope Urban the Sixth, hard pressed by a general revolt of his Cardinals, offered a Cardinal's hat to Courtenay, as being by family connection the most powerful of the English clergy. But Courtenay was too anxious for Church reforms to wish to become a Pope's nominee. He was more than compensated by being made Archbishop of Canterbury (vice Sudbury, killed in the Wat Tyler rising), and also Chancellor. But he had undertaken that some of the grievances of Wat Tyler's followers should be redressed, and, when Parliament annulled the charters which had been granted them, he resigned the Great Seal.

Parliament next set itself to do what the Pope had failed in : to punish Wycliff. Courtenay was bidden to arraign him less as a heretic than as a disturber of the peace, through the wild conduct of his wandering preachers. So, in 1382, in the Blackfriars' Monastery was held "the Synod of the Earthquake," for, no sooner was the Court opened than the earth shook, in sign of Heaven's displeasure "against Wycliff," said the orthodox, "against the enemies of that holy man," cried the Lollards. Wycliff was condemned, and that Whitsuntide a solemn Litany was chanted in procession round London, to purify the city from heresies. At Oxford, too, the Wycliffites were condemned; some say Wycliff appeared there in person and was admonished. At Leicester, too, Courtenay attacked the Lollards, but contented himself with imposing small penances. He had royal authority to imprison for heresy; for the King had by this time grown convinced that unsoundness in religion meant disaffection in politics.

But though he triumphed over the heretics, Courtenay was bearded by his clergy. While on a visitation in his province, he delayed so long that when he got to Exeter, the period had elapsed during which the ordinary jurisdiction of the Bishops was suspended. Bishop

Brentingham therefore bade his clergy and people pay no heed to the Archbishop; and when he cited this contumacious Bishop to appear before him, the Bishop's men met his apparitor, and forced him to eat the citation, seal and all. Courtenay, however, persisted; and the King sharply rebuked Brentingham and also the Bishop of Salisbury, who had tried the same game.

Jealous of his authority, the prelate was at the same time exceedingly good-natured. When, for instance, the Oxford Benedictines, questioning his claim to visit their house, sent a monk to argue the point. Courtenay asked him to dinner, and afterwards tried to prove that Gloucester College, where the monks lived, was really a college, and therefore subject to him as University Chancellor. But, as they had argued instead of insisting, he waived his right and bade the monks meet him in Saint Frideswide's Church — at present Christ Church Cathedral.

Courtenay is claimed as one of those Churchmen who staunchly resisted the Pope's encroachments; he was active in passing the Statute of *Præmunire*. At the same time, in all things not concerning the liberties of England, he was a true son of Rome. Opposing papal illegalities, he also protested vehemently against Richard's extravagance, and his consequent attempts to seize the revenues of the Church. Indeed, the quarrel between them was so bitter, that he had to fly for his life. The end, however, was not far off. He was chosen one of the eleven Commissioners to regulate the King's expenses; but he died three years before Richard was deposed, having, as long as he lived, endeavoured to make peace between the King and his justly incensed nobles.

William was the most notable of the Courtenays; and the advancement of two of the family was due to him. Edward, Earl of Devon, a nephew, he got made Earl Marshal; and Richard, another nephew, whom he styled "my son and foster child," he set so firmly on the road to preferment, that from Prebendary of Lincoln he was made Dean of Saint Asaph, and then Dean of Wells, and a few years after Bishop of Norwich, having in the meanwhile been chosen to his uncle's dignity of Chancellor of Oxford. He, too, like his uncle, was mixed up with the Wycliffites, but as their champion, or rather the champion of the University against Archbishop Arundel, who wished to hold there an inquisition against heresy.

Oxford, too, owes to him the completion of the library begun by Bishop Cobham, long before Bodley was dreamed of. This Courtenay had always been a fast friend of Henry of Monmouth, and when he became King, was his most trusted counsellor. His nephew Peter became successively Dean of Windsor, Bishop of Exeter, and—on the death of Waynfleet—Bishop of Winchester. He was a strong Yorkist; but, joining Buckingham's party, he was glad to escape to Henry of Richmond in Brittany.

After Bosworth, he got all kinds of profitable honours, such as Keeper of the Privy Seal, at a salary of a pound a day. His kinsman, Edward Courtenay of Boconnock, also exiled through siding with Buckingham, was by Henry the Seventh restored to the Earldom of Devon, the last holder of which title had been attainted by Edward the Fourth for joining the Lancastrians. Edward Courtenay's grandson Henry had for his mother Catherine, youngest daughter of Edward the Fourth. He therefore quartered with his own the arms of England and France, an act which helped to bring him to the block in 1538. Henry the Eighth had at first got on admirably with him, taking him to the Field of Cloth of Gold; raising him to the rank of Marquis; and giving him much spoil from many abbeys. Courtenay, on his part, took the King's side against Queen Catherine; signed the articles against Wolsey; and was Commissioner at Anne Boleyn's trial. But he would not truckle to Cromwell; and Cromwell therefore played on the King's suspicions. "This Courtenay is richer than any other noble; he is a fast friend of those enemies of your Majesty, the Poles and Nevilles. His quartering your royal arms shows that he has high aims." This was enough for Henry. Whether the plot in which Courtenay and the Poles were mixed up, and which Sir Geoffrey Pole betrayed, was real or got up, it is hard to tell. Plots were easily "made to order" in those times. Anyhow, he, his wife, and son were put into the Tower (1538), and he shortly after was beheaded. The Marchioness and her son were treated with high favour by Mary. Indeed, Bishop Gardiner hoped that the Queen might marry young Edward Courtenay, her cousin. He had in a remarkable degree the family good looks, and the match would have been as popular as that with Philip was the reverse; but Mary preferred the Spaniard.

Elizabeth, always attracted by a handsome face, had been fond of Courtenay, even when he was spoken of as her sister's fiancé; and were she and he to get married, popular feeling would, it was thought, very soon put them on the throne in lieu of Philip and Mary. A plot was set on foot: Devon and Cornwall were to rise for Courtenay; Wyatt was to rouse Kent. Wyatt's premature rising ruined everything.

Courtenay was sent back to the Tower—had Mary been like her father, she would at once have beheaded him—and after two years released and exiled. He lived nearly two years at Padua. He was so handsome and winning that Noailles, the French Ambassador, styled him "*le plus beau et le plus agréable gentilhomme d'Angleterre.*" Unhappily he fell into bad habits, and thereby lost the chance of organising among the English exiles an invasion which would probably have been successful. But for his dissolute ways he might have married Elizabeth after all. Poor lad! he had been so long in the Tower, that when he was released, he broke loose. With him the Courtenay Earldom ceased—Blount, Lord Mountjoy, son of Edward Courtenay's mother, was made Earl by James the First—but was revived two hundred and sixty-five years after in 1831.

The Courtenays, however, though they dropped out of the front rank, still kept a high place among the Western nobility. One of them, Henry Reginald, who in 1797 was made Bishop of Exeter, having previously held the poorer see of Bristol, was almost as great a pluralist as Archbishop William, or Peter of Norwich. He was Prebendary of Rochester, Rector of Saint George's, Hanover Square, Prebendary of Exeter, Archdeacon of the same diocese, besides holding the bishopric aforesaid. Pretty well this, even for "the Georgian era," when, "Both, your Majesty"—the saying with which Dr. Monk met George the Second's question: "Will you have Wells or Bath, Doctor?" (the sees were then separate, and George, no doubt, in his thick German speech, said not Baath, but Boath)—had become the Churchman's motto. He married well, of course, being a Courtenay. His wife was a daughter of the Lord Howard of Effingham of that day. His elder son (William) held the post of Clerk Assistant of Parliament, a noble sinecure; and, in 1838, on the death of his cousin, in whose favour

the title had been revived, he became Earl—the eleventh.

The Bishop's younger son held almost as many lay offices as his father did clerical. He was Secretary to the Commissioners for India, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, besides being a Privy Councillor, and getting what was for the time the splendid retiring pension of a thousand a year. He alone of the family did anything notable in the literary way. The Courtenays, in general, trusted more to their good looks and blue blood than to their pens; poor Edward, who ought to have been Princess Elizabeth's husband did translate a tract by an Italian Reformer, but he did it with the express object of inducing Edward the Sixth to let him out of the Tower. He failed in this, though the young King read his manuscript; his remarks and signature may be seen on it in the Cambridge University library.

Bishop Henry Reginald published a few sermons, after the fashion of Georgian Bishops; but Privy Councillor Thomas, besides a good many political writings, edited Sir W. Temple's letters, and contributed to the "New Monthly" some good "Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays." Yes; there was one more author in the family—John, son of William Courtenay, and brother of the William for whom, in 1831, the title was revived. His mother was a Stuart, daughter of Lord Bute, and from her he inherited a liveliness which made him one of the most telling House of Commons speakers towards the close of the century.

In those days it was "the thing" to bring in neatly, in one's speech, a bit of Virgil or Horace. John Courtenay improved on this custom by improvising an original Sapphic verse, and a very apposite one, too. John was in opposition—had ironically opposed while really supporting several of Fox's Bills, notably one for giving a freer hand to the Irish Parliament. A Navy Bill was before the House, and the Treasury Bench was dumb, while the Opposition was making speech after speech. The Secretary to the Treasury—Rose—ought to have answered, and John Courtenay tried to stir him up with the appeal:

*Quid lates dudum, Rosa? Delicatum  
Effer e terris caput, O tepentis  
Filia coli!*

(Why so long hiding, Rose? Lift from out the ground thy dainty head, thou daughter of the warm sun!) The House was con-

vulsed; that ponderous Rose should be so apostrophised was irresistible. Only Rose himself, not understanding Latin, could not make out what every one was laughing at, and was, of course, unable to reply.

John made such a violent speech against Warren Hastings, so full of personal reflections, that he had to apologise. He had even gone so far as to charge the King (a mere German princelet in the eyes of the lords of Powderham Castle, the kinsmen of the Edwards and the Henrys) with being bribed by Hastings.

Liberal or even Radical throughout, he was the "enfant terrible" of an unimpeachable Tory and well-conducted family.

He opposed Pitt's restrictions on Irish trade, telling him, in a humorous speech, his policy was worthy of the worst of the Plantagenets. He was heartily with Wilberforce against the slave-trade; and opposed the suspension of Habeas Corpus in 1794, and the renewal of the Suspension Act four years after. His "Philosophical Reflections on the French Revolution" (strongly in sympathy with the revolutionists) went through three editions. His "Speculations of Jeffry Wagstaffe, Esq., of Dublin," show that he was a Home Ruler a century before the time. He wrote poems, too; and very amusing "Sketches of the Chief Speakers in the House, since 1780."

Altogether the cross of Stuart blood had been so useful that one is sorry his only son died before him.

So much for the Courtenays or Courtneys, perhaps the only English family that can be called typically feudal. Their position was always rather due to their being Courtneys than to any special endowments, though the Archbishop must have been a very able man, as was also the Bishop Peter of Norwich.

The name was adopted in 1837 by that strange madman, John Thom, the Kentish labourer. He, like the cobbler who claimed to be true head of the Cavendishes, and the mason who said he was heir to Stoneleigh Abbey, and that Lord Leigh was only a pretender, asserted that he was the real Courtenay. Probably the noise made by the contest for the Earldom a few years before had got into his muddled brain. Poor fellow! he claimed to be something more, giving out that he was Heaven's vicergerent and invulnerable, and that under his leading the labourers would be sure of good wages and general comfort. The strangest thing is that many believed in

him, and actually stood up with him against the police to shoot and to be shot down.

## RED TOWERS.

By ELEANOR C. PRICE.

*Author of "Gerald," "Alexia," etc., etc.*

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW SLAVE.

PAUL's troubled face, when Mrs. Percival saw him, showed plainly enough how he felt his first real difference with Celia.

"I've had a telegram," he began quickly. "You know? You have seen Celia?"

"I have just come from her. I am so sorry, Paul. May I see the telegram?"

He put it into her hand, and began walking restlessly up and down the room, looking on the floor.

"Dr. Graves; I have heard his name: who is he?" said Mrs. Percival after a minute.

"Don't you remember? The doctor at Wilford, who attended my father till we had the London man."

"Not an alarmist?"

"Oh no; a sensible old chap. Well, I don't call that telegram alarmist, do you? He puts it as mildly as he can. Perhaps you don't see what should make one anxious? I have never known the Colonel ill before; that's true: but to my mind that makes it worse. People like him break down suddenly, don't they? Then why should Graves have telegraphed instead of writing? The Colonel must have let out that he wanted to see me. In fact, I think I ought to go."

As he said this, he looked up at her almost wistfully. Evidently it was a terrible business altogether; he was torn between love and loyalty to his old friend and the passion for Celia which made it hard to resist her least wish, harder still to go away and leave her. Perhaps he was already half-regretting that he had telegraphed back in such a hurry. But he told Mrs. Percival nothing of all this, only looking at her with anxious, tired, puzzled eyes; would she take the same view as Celia?

"Of course you must go," said Mrs. Percival quietly. "I have no doubt he wants to see you; why, he has nobody but you in the world. I wish I could go too; but that would be foolish. I don't really

feel anxious, you know, Paul. He has always been so strong, such a wiry sort of man; I feel sure he will rally from this, whatever it is. But I have no doubt he is nervous about himself. Yes, you must go, and come back as soon as you can, to take us home. Celia will miss you dreadfully; but I shall not. I shall be much too busy, and there's one advantage in your going away: Celia will be able to think a little about her shopping."

She ended with her kindest and sweetest smile.

"Thanks; you are very comforting," said Paul; but he sighed.

"Now tell me about your plans," said Mrs. Percival. "I suppose you are going by the mail to-night. Have you told Jules? Have you ordered your dinner? I had better ring at once."

"Oh, lots of time for that," said Paul.

Then he took another turn along the room, and came back, and stood still before her.

"Have you talked it over with Celia at all?" he asked.

"Not much," said Mrs. Percival. "I came away to find you, almost directly she told me."

He looked on the floor silently. Mrs. Percival felt angry with Celia, for she understood his thoughts well; but now she did not think it advisable to repeat the encouraging remarks she had made at Holm.

These lovers must arrange their own affairs now; she thought she could trust Celia for coming to her senses. She would certainly have smiled if she could have known what cruel words they were that went on ringing in Paul's ears. "You talk so much about loving me. That's all very fine. If you really love me, you wouldn't go away and leave me on such an excuse as this." Paul was very young, and quite inexperienced; these words of Celia's tormented him terribly. How was he to prove his love? How was he to show her that she was mistaken? It was a dreadful difficulty. But he did not confide it to Mrs. Percival.

Presently Timms came in, and brought Celia's message, at which Paul's face brightened a little; though both he and Mrs. Percival were startled at her having escaped alone to the Convent. It was too late to overtake her now; but, some time before the service could be supposed to have ended, Paul ran down the stairs on his way to the church, stopping at the

bureau to give some order about his departure.

There were often people talking to Monsieur or Madame Dupont in the bureau; at this moment a tall man stood there under the gaslights, deeply engaged in turning over the visitors' book in search of acquaintances.

"Percival," he said in a low tone to himself. "Romaine—mais, Romaine! Madame, who is he, this Monsieur Romaine you have got staying in the hotel? Is he English—a fine young fellow with dark eyes?"

"Ma foi, Monsieur," cried Madame Dupont, as she sat, fat and smiling, knitting in her corner; "you have only to turn your head and see for yourself."

So Achille de Montmirail turned round and found himself face to face with his old acquaintance, Paul Romaine. He seized both his hands and wrung them with unfeigned delight.

"Going away to-night! Impossible; nothing of the kind! My dear friend, I shall treat you as you would treat me if you caught me in England. You shall come and stay with me. I am living in that house opposite with my mother-in-law, the Vicomtesse de Ferraud. She will be charmed to see you. You really must go! Well, at least, let me introduce you to her and my daughter. You will dine with us? We will dine at six, if you please, and let you go in time for your train. But how much better if you would put off going till to-morrow morning. The old friend is not so very ill? It is nothing immediate? Well, surely, if you are in London to-morrow evening——"

"Thanks, you are most awfully good. I wish I could dine with you, but I can't even do that," said Paul.

It was impossible not to respond to M. de Montmirail's friendly warmth; but surely some evil genius had brought him on the scene just then. If people do not appear till too late, they had better not appear at all. On this evening, of all evenings, M. de Montmirail was most horribly in the way. He might, perhaps, hinder the farewell talk with Celia—the last attempt at an understanding. She had given Paul the opportunity by telling him to meet her at the church door; and, as it was not raining, Paul had already planned that he would ask her to take a turn with him in the gardens beyond. But with this friendly and hospitable Frenchman on his hands, what was he to do?

He murmured something about having an appointment, as the Marquis took his arm and walked with him across the courtyard.

"Certainly. I will not delay you. But which way are you going? I may as well walk a few yards with you."

"Well, I am only going a few yards," said Paul in despair. "I am going to meet a lady at the church gate across there."

"Mais parfaitement!" cried Achille. "It is the very thing that I should do if I were a good boy. My mother-in-law and my daughter are there at this moment. I took them there, and turned back from the gate. Not from unbelief, as you know—you remember our talk about these things—but because Sainte Monique is supposed to belong to the ladies. Shall we walk there together, then? And now tell me, has anything happened to you since we met in England? Nothing very important? Nor to me. And the old house in Surrey is just the same, is it? Some day, when I am in England again, I mean to pay you a visit there."

"I hope you will," said Paul. "I shall be very glad to see you. Just at present my house is by way of being done up and made very smart, because I am going to be married."

"I am rejoiced to hear that, my dear friend," said Achille cordially. "I shall have the pleasure, then, of paying my homage to the charming Madame Romaine. Charming I know she must be, for you are a man of good taste. She is beautiful, too, no doubt? One of the belles of the Woolsborough country?"

Paul told him who she was, and also that in a few minutes he hoped to introduce him to her. He was beginning to feel a little more cheerful. In M. de Montmirail's atmosphere of sunny kindness, everything took a brighter hue; and while Paul talked to him of Celia, remembering what a real right she had to be called charming, remembering, too, the happy experiences of the last few days, he began to think that this shadow must certainly soon pass away. After all, why was Celia angry at his going to England? Because she did not want him to leave her. Was that a state of things to be complained of by Celia's lover?

The service was not yet over, and Paul walked up and down the Rue Sainte Monique several times with his friend, telling him all his plans and doings, to which the

Frenchman listened with sympathetic ears. Naturally, perhaps, Paul was rather wrapped up in himself; he was also totally without curiosity, which has its good side, like other vices, and sometimes makes an important element in friendship; so that it hardly occurred to him to ask M. de Montmirail anything of his own doings, or of his old house down in the west. Achilles, in his good-nature, was not at all surprised at this one-sided state of things, perceiving that the nice English boy was so deeply in love that he could think of nothing else.

"C'est amusant!" he thought to himself. "What a happy fellow!"

"I am beginning to think," he said presently, "that I have already seen Mademoiselle Darrell. A young lady came from the Deux Frères and followed us as far as the church; she went in at the same time as my mother-in-law and Antoniette. She was quite a distinguished young lady, and, as she passed me, I thought she was amazingly beautiful. I thought, too, that she was English. I have seen the type there, though never such a face as hers. And, if you will forgive me, no French demoiselle of such an appearance would be allowed to make three steps in Paris alone. Even with your English ideas, my friend, you will see that it is hardly to be advised. Madame her aunt, or at least her *bonne*—"

"I ought to have been with her," said Paul, quickly, "but I did not know she was gone."

"You! Oh well, yes, being English, one forgets your ideas a little," said the Marquis, smiling. "You think I was right, then? The English beauty that I saw was Mademoiselle Darrell?"

"I think there is no doubt about it," said Paul.

"Then let me say that you are a very fortunate man."

Achilles de Montmirail looked at the young fellow by his side with astonishment, mixed with respect; there might have been a little envy too, if his character had been less amiable.

"Is the beauty in love with him, I wonder?" was the thought that flashed into his mind.

Celia's looks had struck him even more than he chose to say. He honestly liked Paul very much, and thought him superior to most of the young Englishmen he had met; but somehow he did not seem the right man to marry a woman with a face like that.

"She will lead you a life, my friend," he thought. "There is something of the devil in that woman, or I am very much mistaken. You are a poet, a dreamer, an enthusiast, with the best heart in the world, and she will take your heart in her hands and break it for you. No, you are not the man for her, and I doubt seriously if she does more than tolerate you, even now. Her uncle and aunt have made the marriage; you are rich, and she is probably poor. I see it all. Well, your married life will not be a tame business, as mine would have been, if *la petite* had not interfered. And you may be happy for six months, or perhaps a little longer. After all, who knows? The game may be worth the candle!"

So thought the Marquis while Paul talked to him, and while they passed up and down the pavement outside the lighted Convent gates.

Presently these were opened, carriages drove up, the small congregation of ladies came out of the church door and down the narrow stony passage. Celia came among the first, and Paul stepped forward to meet her; at the sight of her, his misgivings suddenly returned. He did not know whether she was still angry with him; but she met him with a smile.

"So you came," she said in a low voice. "Have you been waiting long? I thought the service was going on till midnight; but the singing was divine. I wished you were there."

"Didn't you know I should come?" said Paul.

"How could I tell," she said, still smiling, "when I had been so disagreeable! Come, what are we waiting for?"

While these few words were passing between them, M. de Montmirail had turned aside for a moment to speak to some lady he knew. But she was gone now, and he came up to Paul and Celia. Madame de Ferrand and Antoinette had not yet appeared. Celia looked at him with astonishment.

"M. de Montmirail would like to be introduced to you," said Paul. "You know how I hoped I might meet him again."

"Oh yes, I am so glad," said Celia. She held out her hand to the Marquis, who made her a very low bow, and just touched the tips of her fingers with his own.

"Mademoiselle, it is the greatest honour and pleasure—my mother-in-law, the Vicomtesse de Ferrand, and my little

daughter. *Ma mère*, you remember hearing of my English friend, M. Romaine. Let me present him to you. I met him accidentally half-an-hour ago at the *Deux Frères*. He has told me his history, and has given me the happiness of being acquainted with *Mademoiselle Darrell*."

It was not often, in *Madame de Ferrand's* agreeable and benevolent life, that she found herself hopelessly puzzled. *Achille's* English friends and connections did not interest her particularly, and among them she could not recall the name of Romaine.

But under the lamp at the gate she saw two young English people, looking, as far as she could see, perfectly *comme-il-faut*, and quite at home in the situation. *Achille* seemed to be in raptures, and she always made it a rule to be civil to his acquaintances. It was nothing new for him to discover hidden treasures at the *Hôtel des Deux Frères*. So she made a low curtsy and several polite speeches, her sweet little pale face looking very amiable, and trotted off down the street with Celia by her side, while *Antoinette* took her father's arm as he and Paul followed.

*Antoinette's* bright eyes and quick ears were everywhere. She was charmed to see the little Englishman at last, though certainly it was true he was by no means little. But she could not pay him quite so much attention as if he had appeared alone, for the prospect of really making acquaintance with Celia was almost too entrancing to be real. Wonderful castles were suddenly built in *Antoinette's* head, as she followed that graceful figure down the street. It did not at all occur to her young French mind that Celia was Paul Romaine's fiancée—his sister, she thought, not having realised the difference of names.

They parted, with many politenesses, at the gate of the *Hôtel Sainte Monique*. The ladies went in, and M. de *Montmirail* crossed the road with Paul and Celia.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, "why do you let him run away to England to-night? It is too mortifying for me only to meet him and lose him."

"I don't want him to go," said Celia, in her sweetest voice and manner. "But he thinks it is his duty, and I suppose people must do what they think is their duty, monsieur. He has a dear old friend who is ill, you see."

What an ange! she was, after all!

When M. de *Montmirail* was gone, they stood still for a minute in the lighted courtyard, looking after his vanishing figure.

"Well, you have got one nice friend, at all events," said Celia, turning to Paul with a radiant smile.

"Do you like him? I'm glad," said Paul. "I thought you didn't care for Frenchmen."

"I don't generally. But this one is so thoroughly nice, and so very good-looking. His manners are rather demonstrative, certainly—but they are only pretty, not ridiculous."

"You made a tremendous impression on him," said Paul, smiling, and gazing at her with a sort of wonder; she seemed to have forgotten her vexation with him, as if it had never been.

"Did I? That is delightful. And on the old *Vicomtesse* too, I flatter myself. She asked me so prettily to come and see her, and to bring my aunt. But the child—did you notice the child, Paul?"

"I saw her, of course. I forget what she was like."

"How stupid of you! You certainly are one of the blindest people. I thought you liked looking at pretty things."

"I was thinking of beautiful things, and sad things. I had no room for pretty things."

Celia paused for a moment. "Look here," she said, "this courtyard is not the place to talk nonsense in. We must go in—or if you like, if you have time, shall we have a little walk first?"

"Just what I was hoping for," said Paul. "If that family had not seized upon us, I meant to ask you to come with me into the gardens."

"Let us go there now," said Celia.

As they walked up the street she went on talking about *Antoinette de Montmirail*, and telling Paul how pretty she was, what a charming little creature.

"I am sure she is older than she looks," she said. "Her mother must have been very dark and very pretty. She is dead, isn't she?"

"Yes, long ago. The girl is fourteen; he told me so."

"I wonder he has not married again."

"I believe he thinks himself rather too poor. They think so much of money in France, you know."

"Well, they are quite right; life is an awful thing without it. But I wonder some heiress has not married him—some pretty little snob with an immense fortune. There must be hundreds of them who would be only too delighted."

"He would not be delighted," said Paul. "I fancy he thinks a good deal of his family. He won't sell himself."

"He seems to be a sort of hero all round."

"I rather think he is—I don't know."

The Jardin Sainte Monique was solitary at that season, and that time of day. The trees stretched their bare arms rather low over the broad gravel-walks, which were very damp, and would have been very dark, too, but for the lamps, of which there were a good number. The seats under the trees would have been delightful on a summer evening; they now shone in the lamp-light with dreary, wet reflections, and nobody but distracted lovers would have dreamed of sitting down on them. Celia, certainly, was not likely to run such a risk. To be in the garden at all was a wild enough flight for her. She had no idea of staying there long, though she wanted to send Paul away happy. She went on chattering a little more about her new acquaintances, as she walked with him along the wet crunching gravel. His answers became shorter and more absent every minute. At last they both dropped into silence. A very little of this was enough for her, in her state of strung excitement and impatience. She was rather angry that Paul did not seem able to follow her lead, and take things up where they had been before, without a tiresome explanation. But she supposed that the silly fellow must be humoured.

"Well," she said in her softest voice, "what is the matter now?"

"Have you forgiven me?" said Paul.

"Don't you think you are a little bit stupid? Why should we talk about forgiving? If I was cross, I am sorry—and you may give my love to the Colonel, and tell him to get better directly, or I will never speak to him again—and don't be tragical for heaven's sake."

The words were heartless enough; but there are ways of saying things which alter their meaning very effectually, and the way in which Celia said all this was perfectly sweet to Paul.

"Yes, I am stupid," he said, "a great deal too stupid for you—because you said something this afternoon which has been making me perfectly wretched ever since. Don't you know what it was?"

"No, indeed," she said. "I haven't the faintest idea. Tell me."

"You said—that if I loved you, I shouldn't go away and leave you on such an excuse as this."

There was a moment's pause, then Celia gave a little laugh.

"My dear Paul," she said, "I say a thousand things in the day which I don't mean, and certainly that was one of them. You will have to study the subject, and find out which they are, because I can't always explain. Of course, I am not glad you are going. I am very sorry; I think it is great nonsense, though it may be right. I hope the Colonel will agree with me, and send you back at once. I want you a great deal more than he does. No, make yourself happy; I didn't mean that nasty thing; how could I? You care for me too much, not too little. Some day you will find out that I am not good enough for you. Now let us go back; it's horribly cold, and we have had enough of this. No more explanations, please. I'm not in the right state of mind for them. In Paris one lives and enjoys; one doesn't think and explain."

"Do you love me?" Paul said. Somehow he could not bear that quarter of an hour to come to an end.

"Why do you make me say things over and over again?" she said. "I will answer no more of your questions till you come back; then I shall have a great many things to tell you. Now say good-bye, and be happy."

"May I really be happy?"

"You are a very unreasonable creature to be anything else," said Celia; and as Paul kissed her, there under the dark trees, he knew that she was right, and that no mortal man could be happier.

**Now Ready, price Sixpence.**

THE EXTRA

## SPRING AND EASTER

NUMBER OF

**All the Year Round,**

CONDUCTED BY

**CHARLES DICKENS,**

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING STORIES:

**"A FANTASY" in Fancy Dress,**  
By "Rita," Author of "Gröthen," "Dame Darden,"  
"The Ladye Nancje," "Darby and Jean," etc.

**A HOUSE OF SHADOWS,**

By the Author of "Lady Lovelace," etc., etc.

**MY LADY PRIMROSE.**

**BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.**

**A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.**

**MRS. SILVERTON'S GARDEN-PARTY.**

**HE WAS A BACHELOR.**

**LETITIA'S LOVER.**

**ACROSS THE FIELDS. A Poem.**

Sold by all Booksellers, and at Railway Bookstalls.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*